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Issue No. 15

FLOVVERS

OF

EPIGRAMMES

BY

TIMOTHE KENDALL

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF
1577

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1874

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PREFATORY NOTICE.

KENDALL'S *Flovvers of Epigrammes, ovt of ſundrie the moſte ſingular authours ſelected*, though the translations from the various Epigrammatists are made by one writer, seems to form a fitting accompaniment to the reprints of early English poetical collections which have been recently made, and to complete which Robinson's *Handefull of Pleaſant Delites* has already appeared in this series (No. 8); to be followed shortly by the last of that class of works which requires to be reproduced, Bodenham's *Belvidere, or Garden of the Muſes* (1600, 16mo).

The Council of the SPENSER SOCIETY have therefore selected Kendall to form the first of the publications for the year 1873–4, more especially as the volume is a pleasant and amusing one and of considerable rarity, Mr. Bindley's copy, wanting a leaf in the middle, having produced at his sale 16*l.*, and Mr. Corser's, more recently, (Sale Cat., part vii. lot 115) 15*l.* 15*s.*

No other work of Timothy Kendall is known to exist. His book has been noticed by Warton (*Hist. of English*

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Poetry, vol. iii. p. 432, edit. 1824), in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. pp. 150–7, and in Dibdin's *Library Companion*, pp. 646, 691; but the only article in relation to him worth consulting is that contained in Bliss's *Wood's Athenæ.*, vol. i. pp. 484–7, to which the reader is referred.

As the Council are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible with the different pieces of Wither, the second issue for the year 1873–4 is proposed to be *The Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the original editions.* Third Collection.

The remaining works of John Taylor will, it is expected, form one of the issues for 1874-5.

JA^{S}. CROSSLEY,
PRESIDENT.

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TRIFLES BY TIMOTHE KENDAL deuiſed and written (for the moſte part) at ſundrye tymes in his yong and tender age.

T. KENDALL 241–303

Cornelivs Gallvs. — ¶ The Avthor to his Pamphlets and Trifles. — *The Author to hymſelf.* — A Compariſon betwene CHRIST and the POPE. — Written in heuines. — An old verſe. — In Engliſhe thus. — Otherwiſe. — To an Epicure. — A letter written to T. w. gent. when he was ſcoller in Oxford. — Verſes written to his father when he was ſcholler in Æton. *Scripſit admodum puer.* — Of Loue. — Of Boner, and his brothers. — Of Pope Alexander. 6. — To one of a diuers and ſtraunge nature. — Of the workes of Poets. — How to get the loue, bothe of God and men. — Expoſition. — A ſimilitude, of Idlenes. — What thyng he feareth moſte. — How the xij. ſignes doe gouerne and rule in mannes bodie. — Commendation and praiſe of Vertue. — The couetous carle, compared to a Mule. — To a frende. — Chriſte ſpeaketh. — To hymſelf. — To one ſo giuen to goe braue. That at laſt he left hymſelf like a ſlaue. — To one that made his bragges that he was noſed like vnto kyng Cirus. — Of money and lande. — Learnyng. — Of Tyme. — Of Dice. — Of women, water, and wine. — Of wemens lightnes — Again of the ſame. — Of the miſery of man. — To his vnkle: HENRY KENDALL. — Of the Poet Lucan. — Chriſt. — Gold, not God, regarded now adayes. — Of hymſelf. — Remedies againſt loue. — To all men. — Of Dearh. — Death ſpareth no kinde. — Who riche, who poore. — Labour kills loue. — The more a man hath, the more he deſireth. — To Ieſus Chriſte. — Of Pope Iulius. 3. — To Zoilus. — Of an Aſtrnomer, and a Plowman. — To Zoilus. — Of Zenabon. — Anacharſis

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the Philoſophers ſaying. — Otherwiſe, aud ſhorter. — Precepts written to HENRY KNEVET gent. — Preceptes written in his frend RICHARD WOODWARDS praier booke, ſomtime his companion in OXFORD. — Of fower Beaſtes and the Spider. — Ite, Venite. — Of the vanity of this world. — To Zoilus. — Of hym that marryes twiſe. — Of a wiſe. — The ſame and ſhorter. — Bewtie and Vertue ſeldom coupled. — How the Papiſt praies. — Who takes the paines, the profite gaines. — Who poore. — To one that married a foule wife for riches. — Of Wine. — Of Phiſitions. — To an vnſkilfull Phiſition. — Of a Fiſhe, a Swallowe, and an Hare, ſhot through at one ſhoote. *an vncertayne Author.* — To the Rechleſſe route. — Of Wiuyng. — Tyme doeth all. — Be aduiſed ere thou ſpeake. — To one furious and full of Pride. — To Henry Kneuet gent. — Idem eſt pauperibus, diuitibuſque Deus. — To Markes a marker of faultes. — To the Pope. — To a ſweete mouthed minion. — A verſe wherein the numerall letters ſhewe the yere of the Lorde, when the Queene began her raigne ouer this Realme. — A Rime againſt ROME. — To one named Loue. — To a common Bragger. — A prettie ſimilitude. — Of a certayne Ruffian. — Of a certayne Ciuilian. — Of a Lawyer. — To one that ſayd he was a Lawyer almoſt. — Agayne, of a Lawyer. — Ridyng by the way with a gentleman, and beyng Demaunded by hym, the difference betwene their horſes, he thus anſwered *extempore.* — Wrytten to a frend, in hys extreme ſickneſſe. — An Epitaph vppon the death of M. Ihon Bradford. — A prancke of Pope Iulius 3. about a Peacocke. — To a certayne frend. — Written vnder the picture of M. Thomas Becon. — Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, ſometyme worthie Archbiſhop of Canterburie. — Of his owne picture. — Againe. — Of fower liuyng creatures, that liue by the ſower Elementes. — Of Papiſtes. — A ſaiyng of S. Ciprian. — An other ſaiyng of S. Cyprian. — Xij. abuſes in the life of man, collected out of S. Cyprian. —

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A ſaiyng of S. Auſtin. — An olde ſaiyng. — Of Lacon. — Thinkyng on the latter daie. — Pleaſe, Praiſe, and Praie. — Fiue thynges white. — Three thynges deteſtable. — Three things not to be lente. — Three things ſhould not be forgotten. — Of Mark miſerable, that hanged hymſelfe. — Of ſaiyng grace. — The Beſt are hated of the Bad. — To the carpyng Corrector. — A ſtaffe. — The ſaiyng of BIAS. — To a frende. — The torment of Turnecotes. — Tranſlated out of Theocritus. — Preceptes written to his Coſen Paul Tooley. — To all tender Youthes and young ſchollers. — A young ſchollers Poeſie. — Verſes written at the requeſt of his Coſen MARY PALMER, in her praier booke called THE POMANDER OF PRAIER.— To one that called hym Spendall. — To a Niggard that called hym vnthrift. — To a certaine frende. — The nature of the Hernſhew. — Fower properties of the dog. — Of Boner. — To a naughty Lawier. — Tranſlated out of an Italian writer. — ÆNIGMATA. Nix. — A Cherrie. — Paries. — The Snaile. — A Tennice ball. — Veſpertilio. — The Combe. — Caſtanea. — Of fower birdes, ſignifiyng the fower quarters of the yere. — To the Reader. — To his Coſen IHON KENDALL. — To his dere brother IHON SHEPPARD gent. of Grayes Inne. — An Epitaphe vppon the death of the right wiſe and worthy Matron the Lady ALSE AVENON. — An EPITAPHE vppon the death of his deere Mother, ALSE KENDALL. Which died and lieth buried at Northaſton. — ¶ An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall: which died (beyng cut of the ſtone) and lyes buried at Northaſton in Oxford ſhire. — An Epitaph vpon the death of his deare aunt ELLEN KENDALL: which died, and lyes buried at BLOXAM. — Threnodia. ¶ A ſorrowfull Sonet vpon the death of Walter, late Erle of Eſſex.

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FLOVVERS

OF EPIGRAMMES, OVT OF ſundrie the moſte ſingular au-*thours ſelected, as well* auncient as late writers.

Pleaſant and profitable to the ex-pert readers of quicke capacitie:

By *Timothe Kendall*, late of the Uni-uerſitie of *Oxford*: now ſtudent of *Staple Inne* in *London*.

Horatius.

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poetæ
Aut ſimul & iucunda, aut idonea dicere vitæ.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON in Poules Churche-yarde, at the ſigne of the Braſen Serpent, by Ihon Shepperd.

1577.

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¶ The names of all ſuche Auctbors out of whom theſe Flowers are ſelected.

Names.	Folio.
ANgelus Politianus.	38
Antonius Muretus.	48
Auſonius.	49
Andreas Dactius.	54
Angerianus.	57
Bruno.	39
Buchananus Schotus.	87
Cynthius Ioan. Baptiſta.	40
Cælius Rhodiginus.	55
Claudius Roſelettus.	85
Claudius Claudianus.	86
Dardanius.	35
Eraſmus Roterodamus.	47
Flowers out of certaine Greeke authours.	60
Georgius Sabinus.	55
Gaſper Viſinus.	83
Gualterus Haddon.	90
Hieronymus Balbus.	46
Henricus Stephanus.	87
Ioannes Baptiſta Pigna.	94
Ioannes Secundus.	58
Ioulanus Pontanus.	82
Iacobus Rogerius.	86
Ioannes Parkhurſt. Norwicē.	94
Martialis.	2
ex eiuſdem Xenijs.	22
Nicolaus Bartholomeus.	46
Pulix.	1
Pictorius.	26
Rogerus Aſcham.	111
Stroſa.	48
Textor.	41
Theodorus Beza.	70
Thomas Morus.	76
T. Kendall.	113
Vallambertus Aualon.	59

FINIS.

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To the right honourable, the *Lorde Robert Dudley, Earle of Leyceſter*, Baron of Denbigh, maſter of the Queenes *Maieſties horſe, Knight of the noble order* of the Garter, cheefe Chaunceler of the Vniuerſitie of Oxford, and one of her highnes moſte honourable priuie Counſell: *Timothe Kendall* wiſheth happy healthe with increaſe of honour.

He honour *of youre perſon (Right honourable) doth not ſo muche daunt mee vvith aſtonishment, as the meruelous mildneſſe of your courteous nature doeth miniſter incouragement to preſume and perfourme the dedication of this my*

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little labour to youre honours happie handes. VVherein are to be ſeene the ſundry deuiſes of diuers the beſt vvriters, as vvell antique as neoterique, of Epigrammes: a proper kinde of ſtudie doubtleſſe, & as vvith pleaſure, ſo vvith profite in plentifull manner accompanied. VVho knovveth not that youre honour is a ſpeciall Patrone of learning and learned men? accepting moſte courteouſly their ſimple Poeſies, vvhoſe Garden plots are not ſo gaily garnished either vvith ſuch plenty or ſuch varietie as others be, that haue more ſkill both to make choice of thoſe flovvers that haue the ſvveeter and more fragrāt ſmell, as alſo to pick out ſuch as for their fairenes and comely chaūge of colour breede ſpeciall loue & liking

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liking in the eyes of the beholder. This beeing vnto me an aſſured and alſo a ſufficient incouragement, I felt in my ſelfe the ſouden motions of miſtruſtfulneſſe ſomevvhat appauled, and the fier of confidence and hope kindlyng in mee, in ſo muche that ſhaking off all manner cogitations of fond feare and bashfulneſſe, I yealded my vvill and my vvorke vvholy to bryng that to accomplishmēt vvhich I had purpoſed vppon a ſpeciall opinion of your honours vvorthineſſe conceiued: truſtyng that this my Manuell shall obteyne as good place in the dedication, and as muche grace in the acceptation (accordyng to the meaſure of the matter) as the volumes of ſuche as haue diſcouered their ſkill in thin-

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ges of greater importaunce. VVhich in hope it shall be as I vvish, I ceaſſe any longer to moleſt youre Lordshippe vvith my vnpolished Epiſtle: beſeeching the almighty and the moſt higheſt to bleſſe you vvith health, long life, increaſe of honour, and all flourishyng felicitie.

Your honours moſt humble alwayes to commaund,
Timothe Kendall.

To

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To the courteous and *frendly Reader.*

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſeruabit odorem teſta diu.

THE Verſe of *Horace* the Poet (right courteous reader) which I my ſelfe, by my ſelfe, haue proued true: for hauyng enured my ſelfe in my greene and growyng yeares, to readyng of Poetrie (an arte in my mynd and cenſure both princely and pleaſant) in riper yeares I could neither by faire meanes bee allured, nor foule mines procured, from embracyng thereof, ſo greatly therewith was I linked in loue. Wel might I beare and forbeare, refraine and abſtaine for a ſeaſon, but by and by in the turnyng of an hand, with the tracyng ape ſhould I breake the daunce, and fall a ſcamblyng for Nuts. *Naturam expellas furca licet vſque recurrit.* And ſurely farre diſcrepant alwayes haue I beene from the opinion of thoſe that deeme Poetrie to bryng nought elſe, but onely a certaine naked and vaine delectation to the life of man: whiche vnworthy and falſe accuſatiõn is well and wiſely confuted of *Strabo* inueighyng againſt *Eratoſthenes*, who ſeemed

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med to apply hymſelfe to be a maintainer and defender of that falſe and impudent ſclaunder: wherefore of mee thereof needeth no refutation. Now (courteous reader) if I ſhould take in hand to pen and paynt foorth the praiſe of Poetrie, and Poets inuentions, I feare mee too long my labour would laſte: onely thus muche I dare boldly affirme, that no where ſhalt thou finde profite and pleaſure better linked together, than in the worthy woorkes of prudent Poets. For *Flaccus* ſayeth.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.
The price and the praiſe he gaineth alone,
Who profit & pleaſure both knitteth in one.

Wherfore ſundrie the moſt learned of all ages, of all landes and languages, haue beſtowed no ſmall labour in the moſte laudable practiſe of Poetrie. For example: amonge the Italians, *Bembus*, *Pontanus*, *Flaminius*: Among the French men, *Borbonius*, *Salmonius*, *Muretus:* Among the Germans, *Eobanus*, *Stigilius*, *Sabinus*: Among the Scots, *Bucchananus:* whom *Carolus Utenhouius* prettily praiſeth in his *diſtichon*, writyng thus (in *I Sanna. H Francaſt. A Flam. H Vid. A Nauger. P Bemb. Italos: Mich Hoſp. Adr Torneb. Io Aurat. Gallos: & Georg. Buchan. Scotum.)*

Tres

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To the Reader.

Tres Italos Galli ſenos vicere, ſed vnum
Vincere Scotigenam non valuere nouem.
Three Frenchmen did Italians ſix
for learnyng great excell:
But from them all one Scot alone
doth beare away the bell.

Now (courteous reader) of all ſorts of Poems, & Poeſies, none (mee thinketh) are more pithie and pleaſant, than pretty, ſhorte, witty, quicke and quippyng Epigrammes: in the which kind of writyng *Marcus Valerius Martialis* is counted cheefly to excell. Wherfore out of him (as ſundrie other moſt ſingular authors) haue I tranſlated and taken ſundrie ſhort, propper, pithie & pleaſant verſes, and Epigrammes, forthy no little profite, aud great delectation: marrie this I muſt let thee vnderſtand, that as well out of *Martial* as the reſt, I haue left the lewde, I haue choſen the chaſte: I haue weeded away all wanton and woorthleſſe woordes: I haue pared away all pernicious patches: I haue chipt & chopt of all beaſtly boughes and brāches, all filthy and fulſom phraſes: Which I thinke none will mutter at and miſlike, but ſuche as delight more to drawe of the dregs, than drinke of the delicate liquour. I do giue them vnto thee by the name of *Flowers of Epigrāmes, out of ſun-*

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drie the moſt ſingular authours ſelected. For the whiche, if thou ſhalt thinke well of mee, and thanke mee, I ſhall (God willyng) ſhortly as conuenient leiſure ſhall ſerue, either augment theſe, or publiſh more for thy delight and profite. In the meane tyme take theſe in good part (I beſeche thee) whiche were made of mee.

Cum mihi vernarent dubia lanugine malæ.

VALE.

W. Sey-

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VV. Seymour gentleman

of Grayes Inne: in commenda-

tion of the author.

WE ſeldom ſee, but that a bare reſpect
That takes regard, but to apply his thought:
As many tymes, may worke to good effect
As deeper driftes, with more diſorder wrought:
For in attempts, where proofe is to enſew,
It neuer ſkills ſo greatly, to inuent,
Or by deuice, to frame a fetche anew,
As with regard, to order our intent.

For proofe we ſee the practiſe and deuiſe,
Of ſuch as haue the cure of health in hand,
By traynes of ſweet, who oft the taſte entiſe
To brooke the ſower, wherin the help doth ſtand.
Wherein, as well, in manner of the cure,
As in the meanes, the ſkill is truely tryde:
For that vnleſſe the ſweetnes ſhould allure,
How ſhould the ſowre, make profite vnapplide?

This is the cauſe, that moues me to commend
And prayſe the paynes, that wel I ſee were ment:
And as I like the labour of my frend,
So I allowe the drift of his intent.
Who ſeeyng ſortes of ſundry mindes to call,
And hauyng will, to woorke in all aright:
No fitter meanes, he wiſt to win them all,
Than thus to trayne, to profite, by delight.

George

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George VVhetſtones gentleman in the authors commendation.

RAre is the worke, that liketh euery mynde,
when ſundry mindes, on ſundry iudgments feede:
In flowers fooles (like Spyders) poyſon finde:
The wiſe (as Bees) win hony from a weede.
Euen ſo of bookes (in print that clothed are)
The moſt of them, moſt ſortes of men peruſe,
And of ſuche ſortes, ſome ſortes of them prepare
With ſkilleſſe ſcoffes, the writers to abuſe:
No force for that: the foe himſelfe doth hit
That checkes a worke, which he can not amend:
Then ſure my frend (this needfull booke that writ)
Small needes to feare the frumps that fooles do lend.
For why? his paines, yeeldes fruites of ſuche empriſe,
As hym commendes, and doth content the wiſe.

Formæ nulla fides.

E. G. To the reader.

LIke as the ſpring by natures courſe doth breed
The ſundry ſortes of flowers of pleaſant hew:
And clothes the earth with hearbes that thēce proceed,
Sweete for their ſent, and pleaſant to the vew:
Wheron the mynde of man is fixed faſt,
Reuiued now, duld by the winter paſt:
So in this ſpring, that earthly thinges doth chere,
Kendall ſends forth the flowers that he hath got,

Of

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Of Epigrammes, by pluckyng here and there
Of learned men, from many a Garden plot.
Smell of his flowers, reſort vnto this felde,
The Gardens be of price that theſe do yelde.

Abraham Fleminge vpon T. K. his tranſlated Epigrammes.

A Worke with ſkill beegonne
Deſerues to bee commended:
But double prayſe (no doubt) is won
When ſkill the ſame hath ended.
Suche ſkill in many ſkante
Doeth proue them moſte vnſkilfull:
Self-will they wed, whyles wit they want,
Like fondlynges vaine and wilfull:
But as their ſkill deſerues
Meere follie to bee named:
So where from witte will neuer ſwerues,
There ſkill her forte hath framed.
And ſuche a one is he
(His trauell giueth triall:)
Whoſe ſkill amidſt ſo many miſſes
Hath planted an eſpiall.
Whoſe ſkill hath ſcattered quite
The cloudes of Poets pen,
And hath by gliſteryng leames of light,
To blinde and eyleſſe men

Their

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Their couert skill laid out
in letters darckly showne,
And paird away the barrkes of dout,
And knotts of knacks vnknowne.
This labour hath lyen dead
(No meruell) many yeares:
But now reuiu'de, and to be read
In Englishe, as appeares,
From foreigne phrase of speache
Farre sette, and also sought,
By one in yeares (I graunte) but young,
Whose witt the same hath wrought:
But yet with iudgement fraught
and skill on doubtes to skan.
Now let me tell what I haue thought.
The worcke commends the man.

Labŏri ancillatur laus.

A. VV. gent. to the courteous reader,

in commendation of these flowers.

FReshe flowers, Cyuet, muske, & ambergreece,
Excell in smell, eche one in his degree:
Yet of them all if thou shouldst take a fleece,
As authors flowers so sweete all would not bee.
Those all delight the nose with sugred smell,
These all delight the minde with learnyng well.

The

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The ſent of thoſe, doeth periſhe ſoone and bade,
Of flowers, cyuet, muſke, & Ambergreece: (made
But flowers whiche *Kendalls* cunnyng here hath
Still flouriſhe ſhall: of wooꝛke a pꝛincely peece
His youth hath ſtaund: now reader lend hym pꝛaiſe
Whiche ſpent foꝛ thy delight his tender daies.

Oublier ne doy.

AD T. K. AMICVM LECTISSIMVM G. L. CARMEN.

SI non alma ſuis virtus contenta trophæis
Splenderet radijs nobilitata ſuis:
Si non ſuſpenſas hederas frondéſque virentes
Temneret illæſo cella ſuperba mero:
Te canerē Kendalle, *tuum mea pēna cothurnum*
Tolleret, & Muſam ferret ad aſtra tuam.
Sed quia luce ſuæ virtus micat aurea famæ,
Nec cupit ad titulos nomina magna ſuos,
Tu virtute tua propria tu laude niteſces,
Magnificum virtus inclyta nomen habet.
Sat virtus ornata ſibi, ſibi præmia virtus
Porrigit, & proprio lumine lumen habet.
Teſtis adeſt locuples, librum modo perlege, cernes
Quam renitet radijs cœlica diua ſuis.

EIVSDEM AD EVNDEM
Carmen Sapphicum.

HOrtulos multi coëmunt, coëmptos
Floribus gratis decorant, vt inde

Col-

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Colligant ſuaueis redeunte veris
Tempore flores.
Bella res certè ſimul & probanda,
Hinc enim creſcunt ſalubres odores,
Hinc vigent herbæ atque inimica noſtris
Pharmaca morbis.
Hortus en lautus tuus iſte Kendall
Floribus cultus varijs renitet
Et ſuos gratis animis legenti
Fundit odores.
Hoc tuo flores capiemus horto
Quos ſuis vates prius inſerebant
Exteris hortis, tua verò fecit
Cura Britannos.
Nos tuos ergo recolemus hortos,
Hinc Roſas, ſuaueis Violas, Acanthum
Colligat pubes digitis Britanna
Quotidianis.

FLOWERS

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FLOWERS OF EPIGRAMS:

out of ſundrie the moſte ſinguler authors ſelected.

Out of PVLIX *an auncient Poet.*

Hermaphroditus ſpeaketh.

WHile great with me my mother wēt,
vncertaine what I was:
She aſkte the gods what ſhe ſhould haue,
a lad, or els a laſſe.
Quoth Mars, thart with a maiden ſped:
Not ſo Apollo ſaied,
It is a man: quoth Iuno then,
tis neither man nor maied.
My mothers tyme of trauaile came,
her throwes and thrutches paſt:
A mungrill Herkinalſon, ſhe
did bryng me forthe at laſt.

A And

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And alkyng the forenamed three,
what ſhould my deſtenie bee:
To dye by dint of deadly ſwoorde,
affirmed Iuno ſhe:
He will be hanged on a tree,
quoth Mars as I ſuppoſe:
And I doe thinke ſaied Phœbus then,
in lake, like he ſhall loſe.
Their verdicts none were vaine, it came
as eche did ſaie to palle:
And how beholde: (tis ſtraunge I tell,)
a certaine brooke there was,
Orethadowed with a tree, that had
full many a leauie branche:
In climyng vp this tree, my ſworde
fell out, and goard my paunche.
The bowes in fallyng, caught my feete,
my head fell in the foorde:
So man, maied, neither bothe, was I
hangde, drounde, and kilde with ſworde.

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EPIGRAMMES OVT OF MARTIAL.

TIMOTHE KENDAL to the Reader.

MArtial *is muche miſlikt, and lothde,*
of modeſt mynded men:
For leude laſciuious wanton woorks,
and woords whiche he doeth pen.
In deede, fonde filthie ſpeaches foule,
faire maners much defile:
Wherefore the learned doe but well,
to count his verſes vile.
Yet though his verſes ſome be vile,
yet ſome doe muche auaile:
And though his matters ſome be fonde,
yet ſome of follie faile.
His woorks are like a garden good,
with weedes muche ouergrowen:
Lo reader here the fragrant flowers,
the weedes awaie are throwen.
The beſt be reft, the beaſtly left:
lo reader here to thee,
The daintie Marrowe offered is:
let this thy breakefaſt bee,
Accept this ſimple Maribone,
for breakefaſt I thee praie:
So maieſt thou better cheare obtaine,
of me an other daie.

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Of a Lion, that offended his keper.

A Trufflelle beaſt, a Lion fearce,
with churliſhe chappes did bite
And hurte his maiſter, whiche hym kept,
becauſe he did hym ſmite.
But plaugde he was as he deſerude,
for that his cruell parte,
For ſith he ſtrookes refulde with hande,
ſtrooke deade he was with darte:
Now how ſhould men whiche reaſon haue,
and rulers diſobaie,
Be puniſhte, when we bruteſhe beaſtes,
for diſobedience ſtaie.

Of a Tiger and a Lion.

A Tiger of the Hyrcan flocke,
ſo tame, that he would ſtande
Betwene his maſters leggs, and eke
moſte louyng licke his hande.
Thus tame I ſaie, yet did he ſlaie,
a Lion huge and ſore:
A thyng ſo ſtraunge as neuer erſt,
was harde the like before.
No ſuche thyng durſt he enterpriſe,
in woods when wilde was he:
Now brought with vs to liue, his moode
more ragyng fearce ye ſee.

Of

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Of Leander.

What tyme Leander luſtie ladde,
his Ladie went to ſee:
When as with waltryng waues out worne,
and wearied quight was he:
He ſaied: Now ſpight me not (ye ſeas,)
Leander ſpare to ſpill?
When I haue ſeen my Ladie once,
then drowne me if you will.

Of Gemellus, and Maronilla.

Gemellus, Maronilla ſaine,
would haue vnto his wife:
He longs, he likes, he loues, he craues,
with her to leade his life.
What? is ſhe of ſuche beautie braue?
naie none more foule maie be:
What then is in her to be likte
or lovd? ſtill cougheth ſhe.

Of Arria, and Pætus.

Chaſt Arria when ſhe gaue the blade,
vnto her Pæto true:
All painted and begoard with bloud,
whiche from her ſide ſhe drue.
Truſt me (ſaied ſhe) my goared gutts
doe put me to no paine:
But that whiche thou my P muſt doe,
that greues and greues againe.

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To Fabulla, *vainglorious.*

Of beautie haue we knowe thou art,
and eke a maide beside:
Aboundyng eke in wealthe and store,
this ne maie bee denied.
But whyle to muche you praise your self,
and bolde you all surmount:
Ne riche, ne faire, Fubulla, nor
a maide we can you counte.

To Cæcilianus for the gender,
and declination of Ficus.

Cæcilian when I Ficus saied,
thou didst me floute therefore:
And badst me rather Ficos saie,
and Ficus vse no more.
We call that Ficus whyche on trees,
we dately see to spryng:
And thy deseases Ficos name,
for likenesse of the thyng.

To Fidentinus.

Thou deemst thou art a Poet fine,
And wouldst be thought so Fidentine,
By bookes, and Epigrams of myne.

So Ægle of her self is thought,
To be wel toothed, though stark nought,
Hauyng of horne & bone teeth bought.

So

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So to her ſelf Lycoris ſhe,
Doeth ſeme of beautie braue to bee,
Becauſe her cheekes men painted ſee.

So thus as you a Poet are:
You maie be buſht, when you are bare.

To Lælius.

When Lælius thou thy ſelf doeſt naught,
thou carpeſt Uerles myne:
Leaue Lælius either myne to carpe,
Or publiſhe ſome of thyne.

To Neuolus, a *Lawier.*

When euery man doeth ſpeake, then ſtill
thou ſpeakeſt Neuolus:
And thinkſt thou pallyng well doeſt plead,
when thou doeſt prattle thus.
The veriеſt pelter pilde maie ſeme,
to haue experience thus:
Beholde now all are ſilent buſht,
now ſpeake thou Neuolus.

To Flaccus.

Flaccus, Diodor goes to lawe,
and hath for goute no reſte:
He giues his lawier naught: I thinke,
his fingers are oppreſte.

Of Sceuola.

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IF millions many gods would giue,
of goodly glitteryng golde:
Should not then Sceuola be esteemd,
and highly be extolde?
Oh then how would I liue (quoth he)
whereat the Gods did smile:
And gaue hym his requeſt: but then
his ioyes he gan exile.
Then ragged goune like peltyng patche,
our Sceuola could vſe:
With patche on patche like loutiſhe lob,
he cobled oft his ſhues.
His table then he did neglect,
and courſe fare pleaſde hym beſte:
With worldly cares he was ſo toſte,
that ſcarſe he tooke his reſte.
Then muſt I liue he often ſaied,
or els the Gods me take:
And ſo with wealthe gan cares encreaſe,
and hym more carefull make.

To Ælia.

AS I remember Ælia,
ſowre teeth thou hadſt of thyne:
One cough did cauſe thee ſpit out twoo,
one, twoo an other tyme.
With ſaltie now ſtill maieſt thou cough,
hauke, hem, ſpue, ſpit and ſpaule:

For

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For now to loose or cough awaie,
remaineth nought at all.

To Fidentinus.

THis tolde and byted all abrode,
myne olde frende Fidentine:
That thou reportest all abrode,
my bookes for to be thine.
If thou wilt graunt them myne to bee,
Ile gratis sende them thee:
But if thou call them thine, buye them,
that myne thei maie not bee.

Sabidius.

I Loue thee not Sabidius,
I can not tell thee why:
I can saie naught but this alone,
I doe not loue thee, I.

Of Gellia.

FOr syre decreast thou dost not weepe,
if Gellia sole thou be:
But looke when commeth companie,
the teares then gush from thee.
She naught lamenteth Gellia,
that seekes for laude and praise:
But she who sorroweth inwardly,
tis she that wepes alwaies.

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To Fidentinus.

THe booke whiche thou doeſt read, it is
frende Fidentinus myne:
But when thou ill doeſt read it, then
beginns it to bee thyne.

Of Diaulus, *a Phiſition.*

DIaulus a Phiſition late,
but now he buries men:
Looke what ſo now Diaulus doeth,
the ſelf ſame did he then.

Againſt Olus,

THy beard is white, thy buſhe is blacke,
how comes it ſhall I tell?
With colours thou maieſt paint thy hed,
thy beard thou canſt not well.

To Flaccus.

FLaccus thou knoweſt not Epigrams,
no moze then babes oz boyes:
Whiche deemſt them to be nothyng els,
but ſpozts and trifling toyes:
He rather toyes, and ſpozts it out,
whiche doeth in Verſe recite
Fell Tereus dinner, oz whiche doeth,
Thyeſtes ſupper wzite:
Oz he whiche telles how Dedalus,
did teache his ſonne to flie:

Whiche

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Whiche telleth eke of Polyphem,
the Shepheard with one eye.
From bookes of myne, are quight exempt,
all rancour, rage and gall:
No plaier in his peuishe weeds,
heare prankyng see you shall:
Yet these men doe adore (thou sayst)
laude, like and loue: in deed,
I graunt you sir those they do laude,
perdie but these thei reed.

Against Cæcilianus.

When not sixe thoulande pounde,
Cæcilian did enioye:
Alofte he hoisted was,
in Chariot like a Roye.
When that through Fortunes grace,
he doubled had his store:
Beholde he went on foote,
euen like a peisaut poore.
The game and gaine thou haste,
and yet to loose doest faine?
Tell truthe, lest Fortune froune,
and make thee fall againe.

Against Gargilianus.

Wilt haue me call thee bountifull,
when giftes thou doest bestowe
On widowes old, and senior chuffs,

that

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that doe in ſubſtaunce ſlowe?
Nothyng maie moꝛe diſhoneſt bee,
then theſe thy ſubtile ſhifts:
How canſt thou call Gargilian,
theſe guiles of thyne thy gifts?
So by the hooke the flotyng fiſhe,
is bꝛought vnto his bane:
So by the ſubtile ſecret baite,
the ſelie beaſt is taen.
What tis to giue and to beſtowe,
I will declare to thee,
If thou alreadie doeſt not knowe:
Gargilian giue to me.

Of Philæne.

PHilæne neuer letteth teares,
but from one eye to fall:
And would ye knowe how ſo it is?
ſhe hath but one in all.

Againſt Attalus.

FRende Attal, thou declameſt well,
thou pleadeſt cauſes well:
The Hiſtoꝛies doe paſſe thou makſt,
thy Verſes doe excell.
Thou makeſt merie Poems, and
thy Epigrams are fine:
In Grammer, and the courſe of Starres,
thy knowledge is deuine.

Bothe

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Both well thou ſingeſt Attalus,
and dauncest light withall:
Thy arte doth paſſe to play on harp,
or tolle the Tennice ball.
When nought thou doſt is well, yet all
thou doſt thou thinkeſt right:
Wilt thou I tell what one thou art?
Ardelio, Thraſo like.

Againſt Poſthumus.

What ſhall I ſay this ſame to be?
thy garments all and ſome
Do ſmell of Mirrhe, and ſaue of Mirrhe
no ſent doth from thee come.
This Poſthumus do I ſuſpect,
that ſtill thou ſmelleſt well:
But Poſthumus he ſmelles not well,
who allwaies well doth ſmell:

Againſt Zoilus.

By reaſon of his Couerled
ſooze ſick doth Zoilus lye:
He ſickneſs faines, to ſhew his clothes
of coſtly purple dye,
Braue bed he hath carud curious fine,
and painted fair and gay:
What doth his fained ſickneſs, but
his ſubſtaunce vaine bewray:
What nedeſt thou Phiſitions tell?

they

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they do but thee delude.
Wilt thou be well? take to thee then
my homly mantell rude.

Of Sertorius.

SErtorius, nothyng finisheth,
all thinges he doth begin.
When as Sertorius drinkes, likewise
he makes none end I win.

Against Apicius.

THy tounge Apicius taunteth none,
by it no man is stung:
Yet Porringers, and Platters both,
complaine still of thy tounge.

To Fabianus.

THou beyng honest, pure, and poore.
true bothe in tonge, and harte:
Why doest thou trudge in towne to dwell,
and from the countrie starte?
Thou canst not plaie the brokyng baude,
nor yet the reueller:
Thou canst not cite for to appeare
the guilty trespasser.
Thou canst not boast and brag it out,
thou canst do none of these:
Canus, and graundsyre Glaphyrus,
thou canst not praise and please.

Where-

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Wherfore a miſer poore thou liuſt,
nought gaines thy goodnes thee:
Be good, and neuer ſhalt thou ſure
like Philomelus be.

Of Cærelia, and Gellia.

BEyng a gerle, Cærelia calles
her ſelfe an aged dame:
And Gellia ſhe an aged trot,
herſelf a gerle doth name.
Ne may the one Colinus nor
the other be alowde:
The one ſhe is ridiculous,
the other curious proude.

Of his abidyng in the countrey.

WHen I in countrie ſoyle ſweet, ſappy, reſt:
how I doe ſpend & paſſe the tyme away,
If thou do long in few to haue expreſt,
attentiue be, and marke what I ſhall ſay.
Firſt ſerud on knees, the Maieſtie deuine:
my ſeruaunts next & ground I ouerlook:
To euery man his taſke I doe aſſigne,
when this is done, I get me to my booke.
For cõfortes cauſe, I rub my corps wi Oyle:
for exerciſe I wreſtle now and than, (toile
With ſtrainyng armes a craſh: & tyrd with
I merry make, (endebted to no man)
I pouder, quaffe, ſing, play, bath, ſup, & ſleep,
ſomtyme by night, to ſtudie cloſe I creep.

To

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To Cinna.

MIthridates did often ming
strong poyson with his wine:
Because no poyson pestilent
should cause hym for to pine.
So Cinna thou hast wrought a fetch,
(by supping alwayes ill:)
That famine none shall fret thee, that
no hunger shall thee kill.

Against Calistratus.

I Am I graunt, and still haue bene
Calistrat poore, what then?
Yet do the deeds of mine not lurke
in dark obliuions Den:
My works are red the world throughout:
and this (tis said) is he:
And that, that diuers death denies,
that life hath graunted me.
But gorgious Mansion house of thine,
doth glister all with golde,
Thy Coffers cramd with coyne, are worth
whole thousands to be solde.
Great store of Land, and goodly ground
thy Plowe reares euery year:
Of goodly weighty fleyed sheep
whole thousands thou dost shear.
Lo thus am I, and thus art thou:

but

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but thou canſt neuer be
As I am, of the common crue
each one may be like thee.

Againſt Gellia.

WHile of thy gentry thou doſt boſt,
and praiſeſt ſtock of thine:
To match with one of callyng good
forſakes thy fancy fine.
Tuſh none without ſome Senatour
my huſband I will haue
Thou ſaidſt, now ſe at laſt thou haſt
a carriar common ſlaue.

To Quintianus.

IN cuttyng cruell cold December,
When eache to other gifts do render:
Saue bookes naught then I gaue to thee,
At home moſt homely made by mee.
Perchaunce thou deemſt me in thy minde,
Therefore a ſneekbill, ſnudge vnkinde:
I hate (I do proteſt) thee drifts,
And guilefull giuings of theſe gifts,
Theſe gifts ar alwaies fiſhehookes like:
Bayt tucht, ſtraight taken is the Pike.
When as to riche the poore giues nought,
Then Quint ſhould he be liberall thought.

B To

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To Aulus, againſt Mamercus.

MAmercus by no maner meanes,
may brought and framed be
To vſe and rule his tonge aright,
ſo cankered curſt is he.
Though thou didſt paſſe in pietie
the conſtant Curius quight:
Although thou Nerua didſt ſurmount,
for calme and quiet ſpryte:
Although for gentle mekenes mild
thou Druſo didſt excell:
Although for honeſty to Marc,
thou mightſt be likened well.
Although thou didſt Mauricus match
for equitie and right.
Although thou couldſt as Regulus
with filed phraſe delight.
Though pleaſaunt Paulus thou didſt paſſe
to make a merry Jeſt.
His ruſtie teeth, with rancour fret,
yet ſtill would bite the beſt.
Perchaunce thou Aulus doſt hym deeme,
a man of wicked tonge:
But hym a wretch deeme I, which is
miſlikt all men among.

To Gellia.

WHen ſo thou ſendeſt me an hare,
my Gellia ſtill thou laiſt

I

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I ſhalbe ſeuen daies after fair:
thus ſtill with me thou plaiſt.
My Gellia if thou doe not mocke:
if truth thou do declare:
I dare be bold to ſay that thou,
didſt neuer eate an hare.

That we ſhould benifite our frendes.

The crafty theefe from battered cheſt,
doth filch thy coine awaie:
The debter noi the intereſt,
noi principall will pay.
The fearefull flame deſtroies the goods,
and letteth nought remaine:
The barren ground foi ſeede receiud,
reſtoreth naught againe.
The ſubtile harlot naked ſtrips,
her louer to the ſkin:
If thou commit thy ſelf to ſeas,
great daunger art thou in.
Not that thou geueſt to thy frend,
can foitune take away:
That onely that thou giuſt thy frend,
thou ſhalt poſſes foi ay.

Againſt Poſthumus.

I Minde what thou haſt done foi me,
and will remember eake
Alwaies: why hold I then my peace,

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and Poſtume doſt thou ſpeake?
When any I begin to tell,
thy goodnes what it is
Towardes me, tuſh ſtraight they ſay
hymſelf earſt told vs this.
Beleue me two to many are,
this ſame for to expreſſe:
One will ſuffice, if I ſhall ſpeake,
then Poſthume hold thy peace.
Though thou be krushyng kranke, although
great gifts thou giue, perdy
Yet periſhe all thoſe gifts of thine
by thy garrulitie.

Againſt Candidus.

Thy farmes are proper to thy ſelf,
thy gold and ſiluer white:
Thine proper, proper to thy Plate,
and chriſtall glaſſes bright.
Thy pleaſaunt wines of ſundry ſorts,
thine proper to no dout:
Thy proper wit: and proper to
thy hart and courage ſtoute.
All doutles proper that thou haſt:
what ſaid I all? I lye.
Thy wife ſhe is not proper, for
ſhe common is perdy.

To

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To Rufinus.

I Graunt, I can it not denie,
thou sure hast goodly land:
Fat farmes, and tenementes thou hast,
and liuyngs in thine hande.
And debters diuers owe thee muche,
much coine thou hast abyode:
Riche Plate of Gold and siluer both,
thy table still doth loade.
Inferiours thine Rufinus yet,
disdaine thou neuer a dell.
More then hast thou had Didymus,
and more hath Philomel.

Against Matrinia.

I Like no Beldames, I.
Matrinia dost complaine?
I Beldames loue: but thou art none.
starke dead thou dost remaine.
I can well fancie Hecuba,
of Neob like alone:
Before the one be made a dog,
the other made a stone.

Of Fishes engrauen.

By Phidias art thou fishes seest,
engrauen feat, and trim:
Put water to them, and they will
whip, skip, frisk, flounce and swim.

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Againſt Ligurinus.

NO man with thee will willyng meet:
and eache one takes hym to his feet
Whereſo thou Ligurine doſt come:
thy preſence ſhunnes both all, and ſome.
Wilt know why thus from thee they ſtart?
a Poet prattlyng pert thou art.
This vice is vile all men among:
the Tigres robbed of her yong,
The Dypſas ſcorcht with ſkaldyng heat,
the Scorpion that with taile doth threat,
Theſe monſters fell are not ſo feard
as thou art, where that thou art heard:
For who I praie thee ſuffer can
as thou art ſuch a troublous man?
To hym that ſtandeth thou doſt reed,
ſo eke to hym that ſits indeed.
To hym that runs thou art recityng,
to hym thou readſt that is a ſhityng.
Waſhyng at Baines, there I thee here:
I can not ſwim, where thou art neer.
To meales I haſt, me doſt thou ſtay:
at table plaſt, thou goeſt thy way.
All wery when I go to bed,
moleſtyng mee, thou ſhakſt my hed.
What harme thou doſt now wilt thou ſee?
though honeſt, good, and iuſt thou be,
Yet for this fault, none like of thee.

To

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To the ſame Ligurinus.

THe ſupper of Thyeſtes, whether
Phœbus God deuine
Miſlikt I know not, Ligurine
but ſure we like not thine.
Thy fare is fine and good, thy cates
as curious as may be:
Conſideryng how thy tong doth walk,
yet all miſlikes we ſee.
I care not for thy dainty meates:
I do miſlike each meſſe:
What I would haue thee do, doſt aſke?
what? marry hold thy peace.

To Æmilianus.

IF poore thou be Æmilian,
thou ſhalt be poore alwaies:
For none but welthy worldlyngs are
enriched now adayes.

To Labienus.

WHen Labienus all alone
I ſaw thee ſit of late:
Three men mee thought I ſaw: I was
deceaued by thy pate.
One patch of heare there ſtandeth here,
another ſtandeth there:
Deformd thy ſcalp: the locks do grow

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I know not how, nor where.
In midſt of all, thy ſconſe is balde:
there allies are to ſee:
Wherein not half a graſſe doth growe,
ſo bald, and bare they be.
When as the Emperour deales his dole,
thy ſconſe then profits thee:
Others one Baſket haue of bred,
for thy part thou haſt three.
Thou like vnto king Gerion art:
If Hercules thee ſpye
In Phillips Porch, (take heede I ſay)
dead art thou by and by.

To Lupercus.

FOr that thou ſuppeſt oftentimes
and neuer calleſt mee:
Lupercus I haue found a way,
How to be euen with thee.
I will be angrie though thou ſende,
call, and requeſt mee ſtill:
What will I do, doſt aſke of mee?
What? marrie come I will.

To Fauſtinus, againſt an euill Phiſition Hermocrates.

BOth waſht and ſupt Andragoras,
with vs in health and ſound:
Yet in the morne Andragoras,

ſtark

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ſtark dead in bed was founde.
Wouldſt knowe of ſuche ſo ſodaine death,
what ſhould thoccaſion be?
Hermocrat the Phiſition
in ſlumber he did ſee.

Againſt Phœbus.

WIth oyntment made for nonce, thy pate
all ouer Phœb is dyde:
And all thy fluttiſh ſcuruie ſkalpe
a painted heare doth hyde.
No Barber thou doſt neade at all
thy hed to notte, and pole:
A Sponge or painting penſile Phœb,
will better ſhaue thy nole.

Againſt the enuious.

ROme lauds, & loues, & reades my works,
and ſinges them euery where:
Each fift doth hold me clutched faſt,
eache boſome me doth beare.
One bluſheth lo, as red as fyre,
anone as pale as claye:
Anone he lookes aſtoniſhed,
as one did hym diſmaye:
Sometime he mumping mockes and moes,
ſometime he doth repine:
Ymarrie, this is that I would:
now pleaſe me verſes mine.

B.v. To

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To Marianus.

THou knoweſt one lurketh thee to lurch:
and he that lurkes a lout
To lucre bent: thou knoweſt his drift,
and where he goes about.
Yet hym thine heir thou didſt ordaine
in will thou madeſt laſt:
And madman like didſt will that he
ſhould in thy roome be plaſt.
He ſent thee gifts in deed: but how?
he ſent them with the hooke:
And can the fiſhe the fiſher loue,
that for his death doth looke?
Troweſt thou this Fore will for thy death
take any inward thought?
No, no: if thou wilt haue hym weepe,
then Marian giue hym nought.

Of the theſe Cilix.

A Theſe that Cilix had to name,
to rob an Orchard ſometime came:
In all the garden great was nought
ſaue Priapus, of Marble wrought.
What doth me he, (greedy of praye,)
but hales the hugy ſtone awaye.

To Lupus.

PEnſiue thou art, and proſperous:
take heede leſt fortune blinde

Know

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Knowe Lupus this, leſt the thee call
churle grateleſſe, and vnkinde.

To Rufus.

A Certaine man not long agoe,
Gaue me the gaze frende Rufus ſo,
As if ſome fooliſhe fencer I
Had been, or one that went to buy.
With eye, and finger, when that he
Had looked long, and marked me:
Art thou (quoth he) art thou declare,
That famous pleaſaunt Poet rare,
That men echewhere do Martial call,
Whoſe ieſts do ioye bothe great, and ſmall?
I ſomewhat ſmilyng, tolde my name,
And ſaied I was the verie ſame.
Why then (quoth he) ſo ill art clad?
Becauſe I am a Poet bad
I aunſwered. All this is true,
Frende Rufus whiche I tell to you.
Good Rufus ſende ſome clothes therefore,
That I maie ſhamed bee no more.

To Amianus.

A Serpent fell thou haſt engraud,
in ſiluer bole of thyne
Of Mirons makyng: poyſon ſure
thou drinkſt, thou drinkſt no wine.

Againſt Olus.

Foule

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FOule filthie faultie folks there are:
whats Olus that to thee?
What matters it thou honeſt, what
vile vicious varlets be.
Matho at Dice plaies all his coine:
whatts Olus that to thee?
Not thou therefore ſhalt feele the paines,
of poore eſtate, but he.
Sertorius reuelles out the night:
whatts Olus that to thee?
So thou maieſt ſnorting ſoundly ſlepe,
and ſtill in quiet bee.
Muche money Titus, Lupus owes:
whatts Olus that to thee?
When thou indebted art to none,
but art from all men free.
For all this Olus yet there is,
that doeth pertaine to thee:
And that vnto thy charge and care,
of duetie doeth agree.
Thy gowne to gage for coine doeth lye,
this to thee Olus is:
And for a farthyng no man now
will credite thee, and this.
Thy wife doeth make thee carrie hornes,
this to thee Olus is:
Thy daughter now a dowrie greate
requires of thee, and this.

Muche

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Muche moꝛe beſide I could declare
what doeth pertaine to thee:
But Olus what pertaines to thee,
doeth naught pertaine to me.

To Caſtor.

CAſtor, thou euery thyng doeſt buy:
Sell euery thyng thou wilt perdy.

To his Muſe.

FIue bookes had been ſufficient,
oꝛ ſixe, oꝛ ſeuen in deede:
And to muche to: why then my Muſe
to ſpoꝛt doeſt thou pꝛoceede?
Fie, fie, foꝛbeare, and make an ende:
my fame abꝛoad is ſpꝛed:
And no man talkt of moꝛe then I.
my bookes echewhere bee red.
And when the ſtones of Meſſala
ſhall lye, and bee foꝛloꝛne:
When Marble ſtones of Licinus
to pouder ſhall be woꝛne,
Yet euery mouthe ſhall ſpeake of me:
and many a geſte with hym
Shall carꝛie to his countꝛie coſte,
my wooꝛkes and poems tꝛim.
I ended. Loe, then ſpake one of
the ſacred ſiſters nyne,
Whiche had her boſome and her locks
beſmeerd

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beſmeerd with oyntments fine.
Canſt thou, canſt thou vngratefull churle
(quoth ſhe) finde in thy harte:
To plaie as thou haſt purpoſed,
ſo ſonde a thankleſſe parte?
Canſt thou forſake thy pleaſant wyes,
and trifles that excell?
How better canſt be occupied
when thou art Idle, tell?
In lofty ſtile wilt rather chuſe
feirce tragedies to wryte?
Or elſe of blowes, and blody blades
haſt rather to indite?
Then euery ſkowlyng ſcholemaſter
would read with harſhie voyce
Thy verſe, then neither lad nor laſſe
would in thy ſtile reioyce.
The frownyng ſage, and ſowre ſeuere
theſe kinde of thinges do wryte,
Who miſerably ſpend their time
in ſtudy day and night.
Vſe rather thou thy Romain Jeſts,
and pleaſauntly repeat
Thy ſawes, and as for them, let them
of what they liſt intreat.
Although with ſklender Oten pipe
thou ſeemſt perdy to ſing:
Thou doſt ſurpaſſe the Trumpet, lowd

that

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that in the eares doth ring.

To Priſcus.

DO ye demaund a welthy wenche
why that I will not wed?
I nill be bound for to obaye,
my wife at euery ſted.
The matrone (Priſcus) to the man
muſt ſtill inferiour be:
Elſe ſhall they not be equall, nor
like man and wife agre.

To a married couple, that could not agree.

SIth that you both are like in life,
(a naughty man, a wicked wife:)
I muſe ye liue not voyd of ſtrife.

Of Fabius, and Chreſtella.

HIs wiues ſtill buries Fabius:
Chriſtella contrary
Her huſbands buries: none they matth
withall, but ſtraight they dye.
Now Hymen cauſe theſe conquerours
together both to linke:
That ſo one Beare may bere them both
to their ſepultures brinke.

Againſt Gallicus.

WHen me thine Heire of all thy lands
to make thou diddeſt ſwere

By

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By all the gods, that rule aboue,
and by thyne holy heare,
I thee beleud: for willingly
who will himself forſweare?
And ſtill in hope to ſpeede, with giftes
I did thee feede and chear.
Among my gifts a Boar I ſent,
great, fat, a waighty one:
As huge and monſtrous mighty big,
as that of Calidone.
Thou ſtraightway didſt ſend for, and feaſt,
the riche and eak the poore:
All Rome doth belche and ſurfet yet,
with eatyng of my Bore.
My ſelfe the giuer (who would thinke?)
the better nought did fare:
I nothyng had, ne ryb ne rumpe
did fall vnto my ſhare.
Frend Gallicus what ſhould I hope
thy land to gaine of thee?
When that no morſell of myne owne,
thou wouldeſt giue to mee.

Of Priſcus, his banquet.

THe learned Priſcus bookes bewray
what banquet is the beſt:
In pleaſant ſtile is muche declard,
In lofty much expreſt.

But

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But ſure with learnyng great declard
there is both all and ſome:
Wilt know what banquet is the beſt?
where Minſtrelles none do come.

Againſt Cinna.

AN Aſtrologian Cinna ſaid
that quickly thou ſhouldſt dye,
Thy fate he did foretell thee thus:
and ſure he did not lye.
For whileſt thou didſt feare thou ſhouldſt
leaue much behind to ſpend,
Thou reueling didſt roiſt it out
and madſt of all an end.
Not one yere fully was expirde
but all was gone wellny:
Declare me Cinna now, is this
not quickly for to dye?

To Condilus.

THat thou ſo long a ſeruaunt liſt,
why Condil dooſt complaine?
A maſters greiſe thou doſt not knowe,
nor yet ſeruaunts gaine.
Thy hard and homely couch doth yeld
thee quiet ſleep and reſt:
When Caius lo lies brood awake
with cramping cares oppreſt.
For feare thy maiſter dare not, but

C ſalute

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ſalute whom ſo he meetes:
When thou maiſt ſet with cap on crowne,
and careleſſe ſtrut the ſtreetes.
One comes to maiſter thine, and ſaith,
giue that thou owſt to mee:
And ſtaies hym in the ſtreet, and none
ſo Condil doth to thee.
Thou feareſt a pat on pate, or els
a whirrit on the eare:
But gronyng he with greif, and gowt,
his fatall fine doth feare.
Speake Condil, hadſt not rather now
ſtill haue a ſeruaunts place
Then be a maiſter, and remaine
in Caius curſed caſe?

Againſt Apher.

AS oft as I beholde thy wife,
when as with thee I dine,
Thou lowryng Apher bendſt thy brow,
as though thou didſt repine.
What fault? tell what offence it is
thy wife for to behold:
The ſun, the ſtarres, the thunbed thrones
with ſiluer perle and gold,
And eak the gods themſelues we ſee:
what ſhould I turne aſide,
And ſlap my hand on face, as though,
ſome Roman grim I ſpide?

A

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A hoꝛſon fell was Hercules,
yet Hilas we might ſee:
With pꝛety Ganimed to play,
M. ſtill had licence free.
If thou wilt haue thy gueſts to wink,
and not thy wife to ſee:
Let Phineas blind, and Oedipus,
thy gueſts then Apher be.

Againſt Criſpus.

THou ſaiſt thou art as much my frend
as any man can be:
But now, to pꝛoue this true thou ſaiſt,
what doſt thou Criſp foꝛ mee?
I would haue boꝛowed coine of thee,
thou diddeſt mee denie,
What tyme thou hadſt as much as well
could in thy coffer lye.
When gaueſt thou mee a buſhell, tell,
of Beanes oꝛ any graine?
When as to plow thy fertill ground
thy plowman tooke the paine?
When gaueſt thou mee a Frocke of Friſe
my coꝛps from cold to fende?
Oꝛ when of ſiluer halfe a pound
didſt thou vnto mee lend?
Nought els I ſee, wherby I may
beleue my frend thou art:

But that before me oftentymes
thou gerdeſt out a fart.

To Phileros.

SEuen wiues of thine now Phileros
in ground engraued be:
The ground to none ſo bountifull,
as Phileros to thee.

To hymſelfe.

MArtial, the thinges that do attaine
the happy life, be theſe I finde:
The riches left, not got with paine,
The fruitefull ground, the quiet minde:
The egall frend, no grudge no ſtrife,
No charge of rule nor gouernaunce,
Without deſeaſe the healthfull life,
The houſehold of continuaunce.
The mean dyet, no delicate fare,
True wiſedome ioynd with ſimpleneſs,
The night diſcharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppreſſe.
The faithfull wife without debate,
Such ſleepes as may beguile the night,
Content thy ſelf with thine eſtate,
Ne wiſhe for death, nor feare his might.

Otherwiſe.

THe thinges whiche cauſe mans life mee
moſt full of bliſſe to be, (thinkes
Are

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Are theſe: when goods from frends do fall,
and we from labour free.
When fertill field growes fait abroad,
and mind is voyd of ſtrife:
And merry Jhon by tolſyng fire,
may ſit with Jone his wife.
When corps is ſound and ſtrong with all,
and wiſedome rules the mynde:
And frends in frendſhips faithfull knot,
a faithfull hart doth bynde.
When fare is good, though not of coſt,
and night with pleaſure preſt,
Not drowſy head, but merry minde,
doth cauſe a quiet reſt.
To be as harte could wiſhe or craue,
thy ſtate content withall:
Not feare, nor wiſhe for fatall day,
but come when come it ſhall.

Againſt Carmenion.

SIth that Carmenion you doe cracke
of Corinth that you are
A citezen, and ſo ſay all,
I maruell how you dare
And with what face and honeſtie
call mee your brouher: why?
You know in Spaine that I was borne
eke there I dwell perdy.

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What do we looke alike? no lure:
and why it shall appeare:
Thou wandrest trixie trimlie fine,
with crispt and curled heare.
But all disordered lye my locks
after the Spanish guise:
Thou doest with ointments rid thine here,
rough are my legs, and eyes.
An amerous flatteryng tong hast thou,
speakyng nice, neat, and fine:
Not halfe so womannish as thyne,
is daughters tongue of mine.
Looke how the Doue doth differ from
the chekest bird of all:
Looke how the Deare doth differ from
the Lion strong and tall:
So differ we: wherefore I say,
Carmenion, brother thine
Ceasse mee to call hereafter, lest
I call thee sister mine.

To Gallus.

IF so my griefe will do thee good,
I will be vp and dight,
Before Aurora doe appeare
and chase awaie the night.
I will about, when plunging puffes
vpturneth townes and towers:

Ile

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Ile bide the bruntes of froſt and ſnow
and hidious hilling ſhowers.
But if no better thou awhit,
if nought at all thou gaine
By this my troublous toyle and greſe,
and grieſly pinchyng paine,
Spare thou my tyred ghoſt, and from
theſe torments make me free:
Whiche help not Gallus thee a whit,
but hurt and hinder mee.

To Philenis.

DOeſt alke with plaiſter on my chin
why that I walke about?
Philenis mine I do not minde
to kille thee out of doute.

To Cherimon.

SIth like a Stoike, Cherimon,
thou praiſeſt death ſo muche:
Thou wouldſt bee praiſde, and wondred at,
as though there were none ſuche.
What makes thee death deſire ſo muche?
thy broken pitcher potte:
Thy homely ralkall harth, that burnes,
with fire ſeldome hotte.
Thy matte, and eke thy bedſtead bare,
with ſtinkyng Cimex fret:
Thy curtolde calloke colde, wherein

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thou ſtill art faine to ſet:
O what a ſtoute couragious man
is this? how manly bolde?
That loues no dregs of Vineger,
nor holme, nor brownbread olde.
Well goe to: if vpon a bed
of dowle thou ſhouldeſt lye:
And if thy couche were coſtly clad
with clothes of purple dye.
Then, then, full often wouldſt thou wiſhe
thrice Neſtors yeares to liue:
No tyme then wouldſt thou loſe, but ſtill
thy ſelf to pleaſure giue.
An eaſie thyng in penurie,
this life for to diſpiſe:
Who can beare torment paciently,
tis he thats counted wiſe.

To Parthenope.

THy chaps and iawes Parthenope,
a cruell cough doeth greeue:
To helpe thee, the Phiſition
vnto thee ſtill doeth giue
Nutkernels ſhort, fine honie ſweete,
and cracknels of the beſt,
And all ſuche thyngs as childzen pleaſe,
and make to bee at reſt.
Yet notwithſtandyng all this geare,
thou

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thou coughest still: perdy
Ye are a craftie knaue, you cough
to fare deliciously.

Against Zoilus.

HE did not terme thee Zoilus right,
who termde thee vicious elfe:
If he should terme thee truely, he
should terme thee vice it self.

To Vacerra.

A Flatterer, and a flaunderer,
Also a craftie collener,
A trifler vaine, a whoremunger,
A fine foincasting fenceplaier,
All these Vacerra though thou bee:
I muze, yet mony wants with thee.

To Polla.

WHy Polla me doest garlands sende
so faire, so freshe, so fine?
Sende rather me some Roses rubde
with lillie handes of thyne.

Of Legeia.

IF Legeas yeres and heares agree:
Then iuste three yeres of age is she.

Of Affricanus.

AS riche as Cresus Affric is:
for more yet hunts the chuffe:

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To muche to many, Fortune giues,
and yet to none inuffe.

To Fabullus. Of Themiſon.

FAbullus frende doeſt aſke me, why
hath Themiſon no wife?
He loues to bee in quiet, free
from bate, and brawlyng ſtrife.

Againſt Theleſinus.

WHen that no gage nor paune I bryng,
and of thee coine doe craue:
I can not helpe thee ſtraite thou ſaieſt:
gage grounde and thou ſhalt haue.
So thou no credite giuſt at all,
vnto me Theleſine:
Thyne old companion, and thy frende,
but truſteſt grounde of myne.
Loe Carus hath thee guiltie founde,
and baniſht muſt thou bee:
Wouldſt haue me beare thee companie?
naie, call my grounde to thee.

To Iulius.

IF thou wilt eſchewe bitter aduenture,
And auoide the gnawyng of a penſiue hart:
Set in no one perſon all wholy thy pleaſure,
The leſſe ſhalt ỹ ioy, but leſſe ſhalt ỹ ſmart.

To Phœbus.

With

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WIth hyde of Kid, thyne head is hid,
to couer baldneſſe thyne:
He quipt thee home, who tolde thee Phœb,
thy ſconſe was clouted fine.

To one diuerſly conditioned.

FAcile, and froward art thou ſure,
faunyng, and alſo fell:
With thee I can not liue, nay bide,
nor yet without thee dwell.

Againſt Zoilus.

BLack head, red beard, ſhort feete thou haſt,
and poreblinde eke thou art:
Tis ten to one, but Zoilus thou
doeſt harbour harme in harte.

Otherwiſe.

BLacke hed, red beard, ſhort feete thou haſt,
and eke thou art poreblinde:
Thou woorkſt a wonder Zoile, if thou
haſt any good in mynde.

Againſt Policarnus.

TEn tymes in twelue mothes thou art ſick
or oftner, Policarme:
And this thy ſickneſſe neuer thee,
but frendes of thyne doeth harme.
For after health recouered ſtill,

thy

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thy frends thou alkeſt gifts:
For ſhame bee ſicke but once a yere,
and leaue theſe guſlefull ſhiftes.

EX XENIIS, ET APOPHORETIS, MARTIALIS.

Wheate flower.

THe profits greate, none maie repeate
of flower ſo fine perdie:
Sith for the Cooke, and Baker bothe,
it ſerues to occupie.

Lettuce.

SIth that our auncients vſde to eate,
Lettuce when all was dgon:
I muſe why euery meale of vs,
with Lettuce is begunne.

Leekes oft cut.

STrong tentyng Leekes of Tarentine,
when ſo thou cranched haſte:
Be ſure to kiſſe thy laſſe with lippes,
together clinched faſte.

The Dormouſe.

I Slepe out all the Winter ſharpe,
and fatteſt then am I:

All

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All whiche tyme naught but ſlũberyng ſlepe
doeth make me fatte perdy.

The Conie.

THe little Conie loues to ſcoute,
In Berries, that are digged out:
By theſe our foes in elder daies,
Haue learned many ſecrete waies.

The Ringdoue, or Stockdoue.

THe Stockdoues ſecrete parts,
make lumpiſhe, dull, and dedde:
Shunne hym to eate, if thou wilt bee
with liuely courage ſpedde.

The Peacocke.

THou wondreſt when he ſpreads abrode,
his wyngs that gliſteryng looke:
And canſt thou finde in harte, to giue
hym to the cruell Cooke?

The Swanne.

WIth warblyng note, he tuneth verſe.
The Swanne doeth ſweetely ſyng
Before his death, tracyng a long
the ſtreame with fethered wyng.

A ſhelfiſhe, in Latine Murex.

(CHurle as thou art) with our blood,
thy clothes are purple died:

Yet

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Yet this is not sufficient,
we made are meate beside.

The Gogion.

ALthough in Venice feasts they make,
and still haue daintie there:
Yet with a Gogeon thei beginne,
their suppers lightly there.

The Hare.

EMongest birdes the Thrushe is best,
and beares awaie the bell:
Emongest beasts the Hare is best,
and doeth the rest excell.

Does.

THe tucke the Boze doeth well defende:
the hozne the Harte doeth shelde:
Pooze sillie Does what els are wee,
but preyes to Doggs in feeld:

Wine of Tarentum.

AVlon hath Woolles moste excellent,
and Grapes moste goodly fine:
Take thou the ponderous waighties selles,
giue me the precious Wine.

Sweete oyle, or oyntment.

NOz wine noz oyntmēt leaue thine heire:
let hym possesse thy pelfe

Foz

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For his parte: and theſe other giue
all onely to thy ſelf.

Cheſtes made of Iuery.

IN coffers theſe put nothyng els
ſaue yellow glitteryng golde:
Cheſts homely, rude, leſſe precious,
may ſiluer ſerue to holde.

Nuttes.

SMall dice and nuttes, ſeme trifling toyes,
and thinges of ſlender price:
Yet theſe haue made boyes buttockes ſmart
with rods, not once, nor twiſe.

The combe, to the baldpate.

WIth boxen combe, thick toothed sharpe,
that giuen is to thee
What wilt thou doe? when as no heare
is on thy head to ſee.

Otherwiſe.

WHat wilt thou doe, wt cõbe thick tothed ſo?
whe as no heare vpõ thy head doth grow.

The Coffer wherin bookes are laid.

THe ſtreict, bind hard thy bookes in mee:
leſt that with Mothes conſumd they be.

Light, pertainyng to the
chamber.

Thy

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THy Candle bright, of chamber thine
the ſecrets all I knowe:
Doe what thou liſt, I ſtill am whiſt,
No ſecrets I doe ſhow.

A Candleſticke of wood.

THou ſeeſt that wood I am, vnleſſe
thy light thou do well watch:
A Candle great ſhall I become,
the flame if once I catche.

Bellovves.

FReſh friſkyng youth be packyng hence,
Wild age agrees with mee:
Boyes bellowes beſt beſeeme, and ſyres
that frothy berded be.

A medicine by rubbyng to make
the teeth vvhite.

TEll? what haſt thou to doe with mee?
fayre gerles and maydens ought
Mee for to vſe: I trim no teeth
made, counterfet, and bought.

A Lanterne of Horne.

A Lanterne bright (incloaſing light)
the waie I ſhow thee beſt:
The candle in my boſome put
doth ſhrowd, and ſafely reſt.

A

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A Flye flap of Peacockes plumes.

THe taſle of princely Peacock proud,
that glitteryng faire doth ſhow,
May ſerue to flap the filthy flies
vpon thy meate that blow.

The Parret.

IPratyng Parret am, to ſpeake
ſome ſtraunge thing, learne ye me:
This of my ſelfe I learnd to ſpeake,
Cæſar alhaile to thee.

The Nightingale.

FAyre Philomela howles, for fact
Of Tereus filthy kyng:
A maid ſhe could not ſpeake, a byrd
ſhe loud and ſhrill doth ſing.

The Pye.

A Chatteryng Pye am I, and doe
ſalute my maiſter thee:
If mee thou ſaweſt not, thou wouldeſt ſure
deeme mee no bird to be.

Cups of Chriſtall.

WHen thou doſt feare to breake theſe cups,
then doeſt thou breake them ſtill:
Bold hands are ill to hold theſe cups,
and fearefull hands are ill.

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A Girdle.

NOw long am I, but when with child
thy belly shall beare out:
Than gerdle short I shall be made,
and scant thee come aboute.

Hay.

WHen feathers want, to stuffe thy couche
with hay thou maist be sped:
Pale care doth seldome come to couche
on hard and homely bed.

Leander.

LEander bold, in weltring waues,
cride, spare mee now ye Seas
Untill my lady I haue seen,
then drowne mee, if you please.

The Tumbler.

NOt for hymself, but for his lorde,
the tumbler hunteth free:
Which clapt in mouth doth bring vnhurt
the Leueret vnto thee.

The Ram.

WIth Butchers knife thou carued hast,
the Ram his tender throate:
Deserud he this whiche vnto thee
so often gaue his coate?

The

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The Havvke.

A Rauener fowle of foule he was,
now faulckoners ſeruaunt he:
He birds beguiſes, yet gaineth not
the birds that taken be.

A Cooke.

TIs not ſufficient for a Cooke
a Cooke for to be tryde:
A Cooke muſt know his maiſters mouth,
and appetite beſide.

A baker of fine Cakes, or like thinges.

A Thouſand ſweete delicious knackes
he formeth fine, by ſkill:
For hym alone they buſy bee
doth toyle and labour ſtill.

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PICTORIVS.

To Leonellus. *Submiſſion.*

THy mountyng minde doth ſtill aſpire,
thou ſtill doeſt boaſt and cracke:
And Leonel thou wouldeſt be
Magiſter totum fac.
And whileſt thou powtſt thus puft w̃ pryde,
and deemſt thou doeſt excell
All elſe beſide, thou dryueſt thy ſelfe,
to deepeſt pit of hell.
Ah, yet at length ſubmit thy ſelf,
let Pryde thee not beguile:
Deare ſhalt thou be to Chriſt, if thou
ſeeme to thy ſelfe as, vile.

Sorovvyng for the dead.

THou weepeſt ſtill, thou ſkrecheſt shrill,
thou haleſt from head thyne heares:
Thy face all wrne with ſcratchyng clawes,
Like S. Jhons face, appeares.
Doſt thinke thy ſonnes departed hence,
may thus againe be had?
To ſorrow for the dead, is but
Greef vnto greef to ad.

To Titus. *Naughtines borne withall.*

I Muſed what ſhould be the cauſe,
why men doe nothyng feare

For

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Nor shame to doe offences, suche
as hainous do appeare:
When lo I heard a voice whiche spake,
the wordes whereof were suche:
Ah, wicked deedes and cursed crimes,
are cockered to to muche.

To A man thankeles.

FOr kinreds sake and curtesie,
thou often doest require:
For frendships cause and amitie,
againe thou doest desire.
And comfort none thou doest receiue,
of frend, nor yet of brother:
And why? because thou wilt not doe
for one good turne, another.

To Sextus. *Pittie: almes.*

PRoude Pallaces with battlements,
thou hast erected hie:
Thy farmes and maner howses, storde
with euery thyng do lye.
Thou dost abound in beddes of downe,
thy fare is pallyng fine:
Thy clothes are costly to thy backe:
all pallyng that is thine.
Vppon thy selfe, thy goods and coine
thou spendest euermore:
Dost alke how bet they may be spent?
how? marrie on the poore.

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To Baptiſta Caſtellus.

ALL men (as well the riche as poore)
of force muſt one daie die:
And more are riche men hurt by ſtore,
then poore by penurie.
Goods, ſeldome (they) doe bring to God:
a Cable ſhall go in
Muche ſoner through a Nedels eye,
then Diues heauen win.

To Zoylus. *Weepyng teares.*

A Shipwracke thou haſt made of late:
from blubberyng teares refraine:
Loſt goods, by loud lamentyng cries,
may not be got againe.
Thy beſt is Zoyl a ſinke of ſinnes:
thou ſtill haſt gone aſtraye:
Wherefore waile Zoylus for thy ſinnes,
teares waſhe mens ſinnes awaie:
But thou doſt laugh my words to ſcorne:
no force, laugh if thou pleaſe:
Yea laugh thy fill, ſweet hony ſtill
the ſickly doth diſpleaſe.

To Homer. *an Hypocrite.*

I Can not chuſe but praiſe thee, that
thou earneſt art in Prayer:
And that vnto the Temple thou
ſo often makeſt repaire.
That Idlenes thou doſte eſchew,

whiche

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whiche breedes a lothſum life:
That thou wilt not be ſeen to talke,
with any others wife.
That thou doſt not in burie
nor honour vaine delight:
Yet Homer, all thing is not gold
that ſhines and gliſters bright.

To Zeno. *Caſtigation.*

HE is not ſtill an enemy
that makes to ſmart, and ſmites:
Ne is he ſtill a faithfull frende
that pleaſeth and delightes.
Farre better ſure it is to haue,
ſowre Zeno vs to loue:
Then he that ſekes by flattery fayre,
for to allure and moue.

To Caper. *tauntes. backbitynges.*

THou doſte complaine, thy fate
vnluckie ſtill to be,
Becauſe that Fabius froward foole
bites, blames, and ſclaunders thee.
Caper content thy ſelfe,
who is reproched, he
No miſer is, the Sycophantes
themſelues the miſers be.

To Criticus. *Children muſt be inſtructed.*

SOft claye, may formde and framed be
how and to what you will,

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The tender waxe, to any shape,
is prest and pliant still:
So youth in tender yeares may be
instructed how you list,
And how they frame themselues in youth,
so lightly they persist.
Wherfore in vertue, Criticus
instruct thy child betyme:
To no admonishment their eares
the grauer sort incline.

To Quirinus.

MEns faces diuers are and strange:
so are their hartes likewise:
And what lyes hidden in the hart,
none may discerne with eyes.
For some you see that gentle seeme,
and curteous outwardly:
When scorching hatred in their hart
doth burne incessantly.
Some Damons deare, in face appeare,
and Demons dire in chest:
So selde or neuer still you see,
the browe bewraies the brest.
And frende Quirinus, Calaber
the kyng doeth fauour thee,
Yet mayest thou bee assurde of this,
none more thy foe then he.

Per-

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Perchaunce my boldnelle ſome will blame,
no force, I care not, I:
Nothyng maie lurke or bee concelde,
Where frendſhip firme doeth lye.

To Vrſus. *a backbiter.*

FOr that I did refuſe,
Vrſus to aunſwere thee
Aboute Religion,
thou muſeſt muche at me.
I giue no holie thynges to dogs,
a carpyng curriſhe wighte,
No better then a curre I counte,
whiche ſtill doeth barke and bite.

To Philenius. *a flatterer.*

THe Mallarde when ſhe ſees the Hauke,
in haſte ſhe hies awaie:
When horned Harte beholds the Dog,
no lenger doeth he ſtaie.
So frende Philenius, ſugred woords
eſchue, as enmies darte:
The faunyng flatterer worſe then foe,
doeth ſmite, and make to ſmarte.

To Petrus. *Loue diſſimuled.*

*U*Mleſſe ſome worthie wooрke in verſe,
I doe preſent to thee:

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Thou laieſt all loue and frendlineſſe,
ſhall ceaſſe, twixt thee and me.
Euen when you pleaſe I am content,
a Flie for ſuche a frende:
Leude is the loue that doeth not laſt,
but ſtartyng, taketh ende.

To Arnus. *Surfet.*

*D*Oeſt aſke with ſundrie ſicknelles,
why men are vexed ſo?
By diuers deintie diſhes ſure,
diſeaſes diuers growe.
Our elders that one diſhe did vſe,
did healthfull ſtill endure:
Then ſkant ten herbes in field were founde,
an hurte or ſore to cure.
Now hilles, and woods, and ſeas are ſought:
all places more, and leſſe:
And eke we practiſe Magicke arte,
and ſuche like deuliſhneſſe.
And yet our ſoares exrede our ſalues,
and needes it muſt be ſo:
For men will rather loſe their liues,
then gluttonie forgoe.

To Marius. *Armour and weapon againſt the deuill.*

*A*Gainſt the flie deceiptes,
of Sathan tyraunt fell:

My

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My Marius, wouldſt thou knowe
how to bee ſenſed well?
Firſt curet thyne muſt bee,
All pryde for to expell:
Thy helmet, as thy ſelfe,
To loue thy next as well.
Thy buckler that muſt bee,
A chaſt vnſpotted breſt:
Vſe patience for thy brigandine,
when Fortune doeth moleſt.

To Coſmicus. *Curioſitie in decking the bodie.*

WIth odours ſweete of Siria coſte,
thy garments all doe ſmell:
If corps thou waſhe not thyſe adaie,
thou thinkſt it is not well.
Thy buſhe of heare is braided braue
and friſeled woondrous fine:
No ſpot or mole doeth once deforme,
the comely corps of thyne.
Doe theſe beſeme a ſeruaunt, of
the liuyng Lorde of light?
No man that ſetts ſo by hym ſelf,
can pleaſe the Lorde a right.

To Pamphilus. *frendſhip.*

IF thou doe bid me range abrode,
by lande, or els by ſeas:

To

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To pleasure thee, I will be prest:
I nill regarde myne ease.
No monstrous beast with gnashyng chaps,
in desert that doeth bide,
Shall me deter: nor rumblyng waues,
of Occian sea so wide.
Ice, scorchyng heate of Sommer hotte:
stormes, that so fearce are thought:
Rockes, ratlyng haile, raine, all will I
contemne and set at nought.
Perchaunce thou deemst I speake and prate,
to to outragiouslie:
Tushe Pamphil, what a frende can doe,
no tongue can speake perdie.

Repentaunce.

If thou wilt haue me deme, that thou
repentst thee of thy synne:
To synne a freshe in woonted wise,
see thou doe not beginne.
What beast is he, whiche beyng washt
in waues of flowyng flood,
Will straite goe backe hym self afreshe
in durte, and dablyng mudde.

To Propertianus. *a Niggarde.*

Who not vouchsafes hymself to helpe,
(Philenis miser he,)
Doest thinke Propercian he will giue,
they

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they lande he promiſde thee?
Who will deceiue hym ſelf, no doubt
an other will beguile:
No credite is for to bee giuen,
vnto a miſer vile.

To Lazarus. *Vice in honour.*

DOeſt marueil why myne anger is,
ſo greate as now it is?
My ſoule lothes Lazarus to liue,
in ſuche a worlde as this.
Who pointed are to punithe ſynne,
themſelues ſynne openly:
This man he ſpends the Orphants goods,
this keepes them wrongfully.
Now Iudges bribed are eche where,
now hands are greſde apace:
Now now ſuborned witneſſes,
all thyngs in piteous caſe.
In fine, my louyng Lazarus,
who is not bent to vice:
They count hym now a coxcombe foole,
a noddie, nothyng wiſe.

To Paulus B. *Of an harlot.*

BEcauſe Eliſia laughes on thee,
Paule therefore thou art glad:
To ioye in ones owne miſerie,
a miſchief to to bad.

Per-

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Perrhaunce she flattereth thee, and saieth
she neuer will thee leaue:
Ah, neuer credite harlot smothe,
she alwaies doeth deceaue.

To Ponticus. *Examples.*

AWaie with thyne admonishements
and speache so pleasaunt fine:
Muche moue examples Ponticus,
small moue those woords of thyne.
An easie matter for to speake,
but for to doe, tis harde:
Doe as thou saiest, els what thou saiest,
we will not we regarde.

To Marianus. *Stable abidyng.*

THou haste begunne the pathe to shunne,
that leades to vice, tis well:
And for because thou haste doen so,
my ioye no tongue can tell.
But yet remember this bith waie,
not he that doeth beginne:
But who perseuers to the ende,
shall glories garlande winne.

Lithernes.

IN daies of olde were champions stout,
That lustie, long in healthe helde out:
For why? of them was slurgyng slothe,
And gluttonie auoided bothe:

Now

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Now deintie diſhes haſten death,
And beds bereue our bodies breath.

To Larius. *Infirmities.*

THe greuous goute putts thee to paine:
From women, cates, and wine refraine:
This ſickneſſe ſore, and greef of thine,
Maie bring to paſſe, that lawe deuine,
Could neuer bring to paſſe in thee:
A newe man this maie make thee bee.
This greef thee vnto God maie winne:
With doloures ſoyes doe ofte beginne.

To Maximus. *a Miſer.*

THis is thy caſt ſtill, Maximus,
thou bleſt euermore:
Becauſe thou wilt not ſpende thy goods,
thou ſparſt to feede the poore.
Ah caitiffe carle, how art thou witcht
with blinde deſire of gaine:
Knoweſt not that carkyng couetouſneſſe,
bringes hell and houlyng paine?
The carle that letts the poore to pine,
and ſaues his paultrie pelfe,
What ſeekes he but to ſpare his goods,
and quight to ſpill hym ſelfe?

Luſte vnſatiate.

BLacke Proſerpine hath neuer ſuckt,
of humaine bloud her fill:

The

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The drie vnsaciable ground,
doth thurst for moysture still.
And though thou caste (and neuer ceasse)
whole forrests in the fire:
It saies not ho, for more it calles,
more still it doth desire.
So gredy lust vnsatiate,
doth not contented bide,
Untill it hath destroid the corps,
and eke the soule beside.

To Ollus. *Patience.*

NE teares auaile the sicke, incence
nor those, in graue now ded:
Ne pearcyng plaintes when ship is sunk,
stande Mariners in sted.
So fades no whit thy furie Oll,
when thou dost rage, and rore:
But rather through thy greuous grones,
augments it more and more.
What thou dost suffer take in worth,
and beare with patient minde:
What thou dost beare against thy will,
more lodesome shalt thou finde.

To Iacobus Melitus. *Detraction.*

LEad still a godly life,
well still thy selfe behaue:
Yet thee shall wicked tongues
reproch,

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reproche, and eke depraue.
It is the pastime and delight
Of Zoyles, at good men still to spight.

To Vincentius Nouatus. *shun sloth.*

IF thou Vincentius carest for
the health that still doth laste:
Then farre from thee continually,
see sluggish sloth thou cast.
When basking slothfull in the sunne,
the fiend his foe doth see:
Then then with mightie hand alwaies
to weapon runneth he:
But whom he sees to labor prest,
theim lets he still alone:
He labor lothes, and loues the lucke.
to ease and pleasure prone.

To Flaccus. *Extortioners, Cormorauntes.*

ONe sillie drop of water askt
the glotton greedie gorche
With humble sute, to swage the heat
that so his tonge did scorche:
Yet neuer robd he as I reed,
the poore of ought hym selfe to feed.
If that be cause he would not giue,
thus plaugd the riche man was
With torments suche in hell, what shall

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become of them (alas)
That nothyng giue, but ſtill oppreſſe
poore widdowes, and the fatherleſs.

To Marullus. *Almeſdeedes.*

DOſt feare that God will angrie be,
and turne away his face from thee
Marullus mine? I will thee tell
a waye, how to be ſafe and well.
Thy face turne thou not from the poore:
God, like for like, payes euermore.

The good man feareth nought.

IF fortune doe but bend the browe,
and ner ſo little ſtrike:
Thou out of courage ſtraight art daſht,
I neuer ſaw the like.
And yet thou countſt thy ſelfe for good:
but by no reaſon ſure:
For goodmen they with manly harts,
do all miſhaps indure.
Let murdring Mars be modie mad,
let fire and flame deſtroie:
Let frettyng famin pine and paine,
let miſcheefes all annoye.
With ſtout corragious minds, all thinges
good honeſt men ſuſtaine:
Knowyng that hereby, onely they,
their hauen and heuen obtaine.

By

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By miſeries and daungers great,
by death it ſelfe, we goe,
Unto the ſweete celeſtiall coaſt,
where pleaſures all do flowe.

To Dioniſius Feb. *The holy Scripture.*

ALl thinges the fragrant field doth feed,
accordyng vnto kinde:
The birde hath ſeede: the oxe hath ſtrawe:
the dog his praie doth finde.
Euenſo the ſacred Bible booke,
for euery kinde and ſorte
Hath ſtore of foode and norifhment,
that liſt therto reſorte.
Here tender babes haue milke and pap:
here ripe of yeares haue bred:
Here alſo wanteth not repaſt
for age with hory head.
Yet hereof ſmall account is made,
the cauſe may ſoone be knowne:
Each one doth ſeeke to feede his eares,
and let his hart alone.

To Archemedorus. *A Cuſſoner.*

PEares, Birdes, to Iulius thou doſt ſend,
all thinges both great and ſmall:
And lorde, and king, and little god,
thou alwaies dooſt him call.
What meanes all this Archemedore?

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what thinkſt to get by this?
To coolen hoſe heares, perdie
no eaſie thing it is.

To Linus. *Vice.*

GO thou where Phœbus ſcorching burnes,
or go where Borias raignes:
Go hide thy ſelfe in dampiſhe dennes,
where darkenes blacke remaines.
Go where and to what place thou wilte,
thy ſinnes will followe thee:
By chaunge of place, this certayn is,
vice can not chaunged be.
If thou be faultie, from thy minde
all vice abandon clere:
And Linus lead another life,
and dwell not other where.

To one verie timerous.

NOw Does we may call deſperat,
and Hartes corragious bolde:
For Does, and Hartes, leſſe timerous
then thee a thouſand folde.
To be afraid where is no feare,
is ſigne of daſtardie:
And ſoone the faint of corage fall
in ſnares of Sathan lie.
Againſt all daunger, and miſhap,
the cheefeſt thing no dout

Is

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Is for to haue a prudent head,
and heart corragious stoute,
Feare not the commyng of mishappe,
but when that it is come:
Then stick vnto thy tacklyng stoute,
and beare both all and some.

To Katharina.

The rumor goes, and told it is
(mine owne good Katharine)
That thou dost blaze my name abroad,
and laude the deedes of mine.
Use measure in thy wordes, and leaue
thy laudyng so of mee:
Whom women laude are seldom likt,
but still suspected be.
And for thou shalt no ill misdeeme,
nor me vnthankfull call:
I thanke thee here, let this suffise
in recompence of all.
A Virgin rare renoumd thou art.
now wilt thou know of mee
What best and most beseemes a maid?
ay blushing red to be.

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B. DARDANIVS.

A liuely deſcription of Hope.

THou that on totteryng globe doſt ſtande,
art thou a Goddes, tell
Or els a mortall creature borne?
a goddes, Verie well.
Whence ſprong, or how begotten, ſpeake?
of darkneſſe ſpryng did I.
What nurſe did feede and giue thee ſucke?
that did credulitie.
Who at thy backe behinde thee bides?
ioyes, whiche doe glad and chere.
And what is he, that ſtill ſo pale
doeth goe before thee? feare.
Alofte, vp to the loftie heauens,
thy lookes why doeſt thou caſte?
I doe beholde the heauens, whereas
I hope to dwell at laſte.
But tell me now, what doeth deforme
thy face ſo faire and bright?
I vexed am when my deſires,
are voide and fruſtrate quight.
By ſtaffe why doeſt thou ſtaie thy ſelf?
while hope doeth feede my mynde:
Old croked age with ſtealyng ſteps,
encro-

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encroacheth on by kynde.
Why reelſt thou ſtaggeryng to and fro?
hope ſtill doeth ſlipperie ſtande:
The thyng whiche ofte I thinke to holde,
doeth ſlip out of my hande.

The Deſcription of Iuſtice.

What hights thy name, thou goddes tell?
my name doeth Iuſtice highte.
Why lookſt thou ſell? teares, plants, nor brimaie make me goe from right. (bes
Borne of what ſtocke? of Gods aboue.
thy parents names deſcrie?
Meaſure my ſire, my mother truſte,
my nurſe was penurie.
A babe who luſde thee in her lap?
faire Prudence noble dame,
By whom doeſt thou the guiltie knowe?
Iudgement doeth ſhewe the ſame.
Why beares thy lefte hande ballaunces:
thy right a ſhinyng blade?
The one doeth ponder cauſes iuſte:
to plague the ſworde is made.
So ſewe why are there thee to ayde?
good men are baniſht quight.
Who doeth thee ſtill aſſociate?
poore plaineſſe pure and bright.
Why is thy one eare open wide:

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thy other cloſed caſke?
The good, they alwaies muſt be heard:
the bad, they muſt be caſte.
Why in apparell art thou poore?
who will be iuſte and right,
Shall neuer whyle he liues, become
a riche and wealthie wight.

Verſes of Dardanus, ſent to Dominicus Saulus.

SOme men for gifts, giue gliſteryng golde
and ſome giue precious ſtones:
Some Iuerie, coſtly glaſſes ſome
wrought curious for the nones.
Some guiftes doe giue of grauen woorke,
and houſbandmen doe bryng
Nutts, cornailes, apples, peares, & plumms,
and many a prettie thyng.
But ſith I want the fertill grounde,
where all theſe thyngs ſhould growe:
And ſith my feelds with golden ſtreames
of Pactol, doe not flowe,
I can not thee ſuche preſents giue:
but in the ſteade of them,
I verſes ſende vnto thee here:
I haue nor golde nor gem.
But if thou ſaie they are no gifts,
but trifles worthie nought:

I

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I praie thee what of Irus poore,
to Crœsus maie be brought?

The song of S. Ierome in the desert.

THou straunger, loe with ragged stones
I beate and bounce my breste:
I waile my synnes, my greuous synns
wherewith I am oppreste.
I doe lament my leude led life,
and former ouersight:
(Ah blest and treble blest againe,
the pure vnspotted wight.)
If gronyngs greate, get grace at God,
and loude lamentyngs, loue:
I hope my piteous pearcyng plaintes,
shall God to mercie moue.
All tisyng talke I doe auoyde,
from enuie I departe:
And shunne I doe occasions all,
that weake the manly harte.
Wherefore I haue betane my self,
in desert here to dwell:
Emong a rout of rauenyng beasts,
fierce, furious, franticke fell.
And what though in this wilderneſſe,
no wight will come and see
My grilly wretche: yet here alwaies
my God remaines with me.

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No man that loueth God a right
(in woods or deserts wide)
But hath sufficient companie
and comfort to beside.
Here chitteryng birds doe chirp and chaunt,
in heate here pleasaunt shade:
Here want not chrystall quiueryng springs,
wherein to washe and wade.
A pittance here sufficeth well:
I banquets set not by:
And here, because I wish for naught,
I naught am wantyng, I.
Here hunger is the onely sauce,
that likes my stomake best:
Here nothing me misliкes: enough
sufficeth as a feast.
Here fruite bringes forth the fertill soyle,
Untoylde and eke vntild:
In stead of bed I lye on leaues,
wherwith the woods are filde.
With blot or blame, I none defame,
alone here as I dwell:
Nor gnawyng enuie hurteth mee,
I here do liue so well.
No glory, nor ambition vaine
doe here torment my minde:
I glorie but in God alone,
and hym I hope to finde.

Here

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Here Venus prinked vp in pride
and pranked, fine and gaie
Doeth neuer come: no luste doeth laste,
but hence departs awaie.
In pleasaunt shade when so I please,
I slepe and take my reste:
No thundryng trump nor thumpyng theefe,
my slumbryngs here molestе.
My mynde is not on money set,
I doe not heape nor hoorde:
Alone I seeke to please my God,
and to embrace his woorde.
All thyngs beside the woorde of God,
are euen as dryzlyng misse:
Fonde, vile and vaine, of none effecte,
let men saie what them lisse.
Okte tymes here comes and saunes on me,
fearce Lions furious fell,
And diuers dreadfull beasts besids,
that in the woods doe dwell.
And still the Lorde doth lende me helpe
gainst death and daungers all:
I stande in dread of nothyng I,
for on the Lorde I call.
Yet here emong these raggie rocks,
and beasts of cruell moode:
Where fountayne water is my drinke,
where herbes doe serue for foode.

Here

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Here ſenſuall pleaſure doeth aſſault,
to winne me by her might:
But ſtill with reaſon I reſiſte,
and chaſe her from my ſight.
But thou whiche liuſte at pleaſure thyne,
and all thyngs haſte at will:
Whiche ſoſt doeſt lye, which doeſt with cates
and wine thy beallie fill.
Ah wretche with heate of filthie luſte,
what torments doeſt thou trie?
When ſhe for to aſſault thy mynde,
with haſtie ſtepps doeth hye.

ANGELVS POLITIANVS.

To Pamphilus.

THou ſendſt vs wine: we want no wine,
my Pamphil, truſtie frende:
Wilt ſende vs what we want & wiſhe?
then *thurſt* my Pamphil ſende.

To his Ladie beloued.

IN rage thou turneſt me awaie,
againe thou doeſt me take:
Thou harde at heeles doeſt followe me,
yet me thou doeſt forſake.
Kinde art thou, courteous eke,

yet

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yet cankered, curſt againe:
Thou wilt, and wilt not: me thou louſte,
and me thou putſt to paine.
Thou promiſſe makſt, and it forſakſt:
in deepe diſpaire I pine,
Yet liue in hope: Ah Tantal would
my ſtate were like to thine.
A painfull plague, in criſtall ſtreames,
to bee a thirſt and drie:
But what a plague to be a thirſte,
ſweete Nectar ſtandyng by?

BRVNO.

A true ſaiyng.

ONce woodden Challices there were,
Then golden prieſts were euery where:
Now golden chalices there be,
And woodden prieſtes eache where to ſee.

To Omellia.

THou marueleſt Omellia much,
why none do ſeeke and ſue
To match with thee: what is the cauſe
I now will tell thee true:
If any man Omellia,
ſhould match and linke with thee:

Thy

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Thy husbands mother, not his wife,
thou wouldst reputed be.

A Ieſt of a certayne harebraind huſband.

A Certen huſband wilde did hate his wife:
And did to coyle her coate, w̃ cudgill rife.
One sayd to hym, beate not thy wife so soze:
Then bumping blowes good wozds will doe much
Now after this, ỹ huſband harebzaind beaſt, (moze.
With Bible book ſtill bounſt her on the bzeaſt:
They say good wozds wil do much good ſaid he:
If good, good wozds wil do: thã here they be.

Againſt Hugo.

H Vgo doth laude no man at all,
noz no man loueth he:
He thinketh, others to diſpzayſe,
the cheſeſt pzaiſe to be.
What gets he now by hazyng thus?
all men hym hate indeed:
And boyes call Hugo black, and say
of Hugo blacke take heede.

Of a Foole that found a Crab-fiſh.

By fozzune once in ſommer tyme,
when ſun did frye and flame,
From natiue bzooke (where he was bzed)
a crab-fiſh crawling came.
And while he friſkyng plaid on banke,

gay

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gay glifteryng greene with graſſe:
He was vp taken, by a man,
that there by hym did paſſe.
This wight that found hym was a foole,
and had no crabfiſh ſeen:
Wherefore he thruſt his hand in haſte,
his claſpyng clawes betwene.
The crab did pinch and pearce hym ſore,
wherefore he caſt hym quick
Into the flood: and ſayd withall,
Ile teach you ſyr to pyck.
The crab peart flappeth faſt his tayle
and in the waues doth ſpring:
See ſaid the foole, the plucking pangs
of death how ſore they ſting.

A Ieſt of a Theefe.

A Certain Theefe found guiltie, both
of theft and periurie:
Was iudgd to haue his tong cut out
with knife, moſt cruelly.
Oh, ſayd the theef vnto the Iudge,
your pointed purpoſe ſtay:
Oh, ſaue my tongue, with caruyng knife
and cut mine eares away.
Twoo eares for one tongue I will loſe:
well, quoth the Iudge, agreed:
And ſent for executioner,

to

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to cut his eares with speed.
Now when the executioner came,
his hat from hed he threw:
And heares there did appeare, but eares
he there had none to vew:
(For he had lost his eares before)
each laught to see his wile:
And hauyng thus deceyd the Judge
the theefe hymself gan smile.

CYNTHIVS IOANNES BAPTISTA.

To Diana Arioſta.

IN browe, in breast, in beautie braue,
in skill, and noble name:
Chast Cynthia thou resemblest right
Diana, peerlesse Dame.
In this alone ye are not like,
hartes wilde she killed still:
Hartes milde thou kilst: she kild with bowe,
with look but thou dost kill.

Of Niobe.

YE pleasaunt bruites be packyng hence,
approche ye pensiue wights:
And mourne with me whom sorrowe fell,
torments bothe daies and nights.

Bratres

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Blattes 7. and 7 by me were borne,
and brought into the light:
Of 7. and 7. (ah wretche) againe
the Gods haue reste me quight.
I melted into teares, and now
transformde to Marble stone:
I drop forth teares: so as in life
I mourne, now like is gone.
Learne here ye mortalles all, what tis
with stroutyng pride to swell:
And what likewise, for to despise
the Gods, in heauen that dwell.

Of his straunge loue.

IN fire I freeze, in Froste I frie:
How so, wouldst knowe? a louer I.

To Renata, a noble Dame.

FOr princely pompe, and riches greate,
queene Iuno beares the bell:
Pallas for skill: for puritie
Diana doeth excell.
For beautie braue doeth Venus passe:
Renata learned well,
Riche, chast, of beautie braue beside,
all fower doeth farre excell.

Vesbia.

THree Furies (heretofore)
haue alwaies been in hell:

F But

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But now that Veſbia ſhe is there,
there furies ſower doe dwell.

TEXTOR.

Praiers for the ded, nothyng profit.

THou ſoweſt in ſãde, thou plouſt ꝑ plaſh,
thou angleſt in the ayer:
If ſo thou goeſt about to helpe,
the ſoule deceaſt by ꝓaier.

An Epitaphe.

I Laught, I wepe: I was, but now
I nothyng am become:
I plaied, but now I ceaſſe to plaie:
I ſang, but now am domme.
I wakt, I ſlepe: I ſtudied once,
but loe I now am ſtill:
My fleſhe I fedde and pampꝛed once,
but now the wozmes I fill:
I welcomde all ſometyme, but now
to all I bidde adue:
I caught, but now am caught my ſelf:
now ſlaine, whiche ſometyme ſlue:
Once ſaught I, now I peace enioye:
I life enioyed all right,

Of

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Of right againe I muſt therefore
yelde vnto Mors his might:
I yelde, and yelde I muſt of force:
yearth was I once certaine,
Yearth, duſte, and now at laſte I am
yearth, duſte, become againe.
Yearth, duſte, now naught at all: wherefore
worlde vaine adue to thee:
And ſith I needes muſt hence awaie,
wormes welcome you to me.

To his Frende.

THou wont waſt often to demaunde,
when we ſhould foes become:
And when the knot of frendſhip ſhould,
betwene vs be vndoon.
Can Flint or Marble harde be made,
as yeldyng Butter ſofte?
Or can the lumpiſhe Ore be made,
to mount and ſoar alofte?
Can Woulues and Lambes agree? or can
the ſcrawlyng Crab crepe right?
Or can the Night, as gladſome Daie
become ſo cleare and bright?
Can Catte forbeare to catche the Mouſe?
can Henne and Kite agree?
Can Daie be darke? or can the Night
as cleare Aurora bee?

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Can Crowes be made both faire and white,
and Swannes bothe foule and blacke?
Can colde congeled Ice, be hotte?
can Winter coldneſſe lacke?
Can Fire then Water be more cold?
or can the Hare, delight
To plaie and dallie with the Dog?
can ought be emptie quight?
Can Winde from blowyng be reſtraínde?
can ſurgyng Seas bee ſtill?
Can flotyng Fiſhe forſake the foorde?
can Death leaue of to kill?
Can Fore and Henne, bothe in a Penne
agree together well?
Can peace abide with butteryng blowes?
can loue with diſcorde dwell?
Can ſeas be waterles and drie?
can hilles be dales without?
Can woods be voyd of trees? or ſkies,
deuoid of ſtarres throughout?
Can one lone Emot drinke the ſeas?
can God be from an hie?
Can God haue euer any ende?
can mortalles ſhun to die?
Can ragged rockes be precious ſtones?
can Iron Gold excell?
Can drowſie drunkennes eſteme,
ſage ſober manners well?

Can

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Can ſame be huſht and ſilence keepe:
can drabs their tattle ceaſſe?
Can Venus vicious vile be chaſt,
and leaue, her beaſtlines?
Whē thou canſt bring theſe things to paſſe,
eache one bothe more and leſſe:
Of ſeeſt them to be brought to paſſe,
then ſhall our frendſhip ceaſſe.

To the Pope.

IF that thou wilt not ſaue thy flocke,
from wolues deuouring throate:
At leaſt be not a wolfe thy ſelfe,
clad in a ſheepſkin coate.

To ſpirituall paſtors.

AS paſtor pure, preſerue thy flocke,
haue Argus eyes to watche:
Leſt that the feend the woulfe of hell,
doe thee and thine diſpatche.
Thou oughtſt their wooll and fleeſe to shere:
to shere, but not to ſhaue:
Haue Argus eyes I ſaie againe,
thy flocke to ſhield and ſaue.
No meruell now, though ſickly sheepe,
and ſore deſeaſd we ſee:
For who as nowadaies (God knowes)
but wolues their keepers be.

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A woman.

A Woman fawnes, and doth intrap,
a woman wageth war:
She guiles the bodie she doth blind,
the members she doth mar.
She feebles force, she drawes a man,
she burneth vp the bones:
She fawnes, giues, askes, she likes, she lo-
she merrie makes, she mones. (thes
She waileth wealth, though purse be stuft,
she crosses makes the same:
She fights, she throwes downe mighty wal-
strong Castelles she doth tame. (les,
She poles beares: she glasses hath:
as pert as any Pie:
She smelles, she kisseth, and her corps
she loues exceedyngly.
She tufts her heare, she frotes her face,
she idle loues to be:
She mincyng iets: to vertue slow,
but prone to vice is she.

How to get frendship.

GIue much, but little aske againe,
take heede thou nothyng take:
If muche thou giue, and little aske,
it guiftes thou doe forsake
Among the common people thou,
shalt

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ſhalt beare away the bell:
And thicke and threefold frends will flocke,
with thee to byde and dwell.
But if thou nothyng giue at all,
then frends will from thee flie:
If much thou alke, then ſhalt thou be
repulſed by and by.
If much thou take, then couetous
and carle they will thee call:
Take naught, alke little, part from much,
and frends haue ſure ye ſhall.

The properties of certaine birdes.

Of the Peacok.

When Argus with his hundred eyes,
Hermes had conquerd quight
By ſweet melodyous harmony,
and Muſyckes heauenly might.
Then Iuno tooke his watchfull eyes,
and brauely by and by,
She plaſt them in my traine, where now
they ſhine as ſunne in ſkye.
My name hights Peacocke comonly,
I take a greate delight
In ſettyng vp my plumes alofte,
that brauely gliſter bright.
I haunt where princely buildings be,
I loth the Cottage baſe:

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I haue a fearfull feendlike note,
a theuiſh ſoftly pace.
My fleſh as hard as hard may be,
from Samos Ile I cam:
Iuno doth mee defend and keepe,
and Iunos byrd I am.

The Eagle.

FRom all the flocke of fliyng fowles
I beare away the bell:
I mount vp to the clufteryng clowdes,
I feare no lightnyngs fell.
Ioues ſolly armiger am I,
as Poets pennes haue told:
Among all fethered foules am I,
the goodlieſt to behold.
Gay gallaunt golden Ganimed,
(in tallents clinched faſt)
I carryed vnto Ioue on hye,
of whom he was embraſt.
No byrd, no fowle there is, that dare
compare with mee to fly:
The Eagle onely ſeruaunt is,
to thundryng Ioue on hie:

The Swanne.

A Swanne my name doeth hight:
from fayren coſte I cam:
Dame Venus Charriot I derect,

and

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and Venus birde I am.
Emong the Gods I am belobde,
like Syren ſweete I ſyng:
I ioye to chaunt, before I feele
of Death the dreadfull ſtyng.

The Voulter.

I Called am the Voulter blacke:
I clawe myne enemie
With crooked cruell cratchyng clawes:
a filthie foule am I.
My foode is fullſome carrion foule,
with euery carkas dedde
That tumbled lies in ſtinkyng ditche,
I loue for to be fedde.
With euery writers penne purſued,
diſpraiſed ſtill am I:
The foulеſt foule I counted am,
of all the foules that fly.
Yet for the ſence of ſmellyng ſure,
no foule ſurpaſſe me can:
The Lion, Libarde, Egle, I
ſurmount, and alſo man.

The Partridge.

EMong all other birds,
moſte meſtfull birde am I:
Emong all ferhered foules,
I firſt complaine and crie.

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All in the night bothe ginnes and snares,
are laied poore soule for me:
Man spares no paine, but labours still
that I maie taken bee.
Wouldst knowe the cause why I am sought,
of euery Fouler sly?
The cause is this, emong all birds,
the sinest flesh haue I.
Thou seest the craftie carren Crowe,
Is neuer cared for:
Because his flesh is fullsome vile,
all men doe hym abhorre.
But I am soft and delicate,
and therefore me they gette:
And for a princely dishe am I,
before greate princes sette.

The Sparrowe.

The fethered Sparrowe cald am I,
in swete and plaasaunt spryng
I greatly doe delight, for then
I chitter, chirpe, and syng.
I take delight in garnisht groues
to seke my liuyng still:
And though but little birde I am,
yet syng I swete and shrill.
Now thou that greate and mightie art,
despise and set not light

By

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By little ones: small ones oftymes
subdue the greate of might.

NICOLAVS BARTHOLOMÆVS LOCHIENSIS.

Of a dronkard goyng home from the Tauerne.

A Dunkarde drinkyng all the daie,
At night did homward take his way:
The drinke his bladder burdened so,
That he must let his water goe.
Thereby he leande hym to the wall,
By chaunce a showre as then did fall:
He throughly drunke, and tipled well,
Did deme he pisse the raine that fell:
His mate that with hym then did go,
(Muche mulyng why he tarried so)
Askt hym toth wall he did cleaue:
And saied, wilt neuer pissyng leaue?
(Quoth he) so long as God shall please,
I here must pisse, and take myne ease.

To one hauyng a verie red nose.

IF thou didst plie the potte no more,
then thou doest plye thy booke:
Then would not nose of thyne so redde
and firie flamyng looke.

HIE-

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HIERONYMVS BALBVS.

To Guido.

IN ſigne of truſtie frendſhip true,
my Guido truſtie frende:
Bothe Uerſes fine, and apples fine,
vnto vs thou didſt ſende.
As apples fine delight the mouthe,
ſo Uerſes pleaſe the minde:
The firſte in taſte, the ſeconde graeſt,
moſte pleaſaunt we did finde.
Thy apples paſſe the gliſteryng golde:
thy Uerſes pearles excell:
Thy guifts from either golde, or pearle,
quight beare awaie the bell.
Not better apples then were thine,
might kyng Alcinous ſende:
And Uerſes thyne ſo excellent,
God Clarius might not mende.

To Marianus.

THou enemie to muſes nine,
thou foe to learned dames:
How darſt thou Poets pure diſpiſe,
and ſeeke to foyle their fames?
Orpheus Poet excellent,
with ſong and ſugred voice:

Could

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Could tame the hellishe hounde, and make
bothe stones and beasts reioyce,
Arion fingeryng fine his Harpe,
with cunnyng skilfull hande:
Was by a Dolphin saued from seas,
and brought vnto the lande.
Amphion by his eloquence
and sugred speaches milde:
Brought to a ciuell sorme of life,
rude barbarous people wilde.
Now if so thou procede and speake,
gainst Poets that excell:
More harde art thou then ragged stones,
and beasts in woods that dwell.

ERASMVS IN HIS CHILIADES.

Of a sheepe that fostered a woolfe.

WIth milke of myne I fed a woolfe,
not of mine owne accorde,
(But therto forst:) for woolues you knowe,
of sheep are still abhord.
When I had brought hym life, at last
my life he reft from mee:
Lo, for no guifts nor benifites,
may nature chaunged be.

Againe

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Againe of the ſame.

WIth milke of mine owne, a woolſe I did feed,
compelled thereto of my ſheppard indeed:
Whē log I had fed hym, by hym I was ſpilt,
lo naught wilbe naught, ſay ꝛ do what ỹ wilt.

Beſt neuer to be borne.

WHat path liſt you to treade?
what trade will you aſſay?
The courts of plea by braull and bate,
driue gentle peace away.
In houſe for wife and child,
there is but carke and care:
With toile and trauell enough,
in feeldes we bſe to fare.
Vppon the Seas lyes dread:
the riche in forren land
Doe feare the loſſe, and there the poore
like miſers poorely ſtand.
Strife with a wife, without
your thrift full hard to ſee:
Yong brats a trouble, none at all
a mayme it ſeemes to be.
Youth fond, age hath no hart,
and pincheth all to nye:
Chooſe then the leſſer of theſe two
no life, or ſone to dye.

Metro-

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Metrodorus minde to the contrary.

What race of life run you?
what trade will you allay?
In Court is glory got, and wit
encreaseth daie by daie.
At home we take our ease,
and beake our selues in rest:
The feilds our nature doth refresh
with pleasures of the best.
On seas great gaine is got:
the straunger, he shalbe
Esteemed hauyng much, if not
none knowes his lack but he.
A wife will trim thy house,
no wife then art thou free:
Brood is a louely thyng, without
thy like is loose to thee.
Yong blods be strong, old syres
in double honour dwell:
Do way the choyse, no life, or soone
to die, for all is well.

STRO-

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STROZA.

Of Scaurus, a riche man and couetous.

SCaurus hath sundrie villages,
rich farmes and manners braue:
Muche lande, fat Oxen, store of coine:
he hath what he can haue.
Yet still he scrapes with tooth and naile,
more, still he doth desire:
With carkyng caryng couetousnes,
his mynde is set on fire.
Fabritius better liues then he,
a poore contented wight:
Whom nether greedy gatheryng,
nor vsury doth delight.

ANTONIVS MVRETVS.

Against Venus.

IF Venus, (as the lyng route
of bablyng Poets sing)
If she out of the surgyng seas
and weltring waues did spring.
How can this come to passe, that she
should burne that so was borne?

By

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By flanckeryng flame of firie loue,
to cinders men are worne.
Ah, grippyng greefe: what hopſt thou for
poore Louer feely wretch?
Thou from the midſt of flowyng ſtreames,
hot ſcaldyng fire doſt fetche.

To Margaris.

When ſo it raines, and Phœbus rayes
are couered all with cloudes:
Then euery thyng remainyng ſad,
in ſilence penſiue ſhroudes.
Therefore muſe not my Margaris,
though ſad thou doſt mee ſee:
Behold mine eyes raine teares, and thou
my ſonne art gone from mee.

To Corellius.

A Baker, Butcher and a Baude,
a Cobler and a Croke,
Thou art: a Marchant, Lawier to
well ſkilled in thy booke.
All theſe Corellius though thou be,
yet poore thou art perdy:
And none in all the cittie liues,
like thee in miſerie.
How can this be be Corellius?
I muſe and maruell to,
When as thou canſt ſo many thinges,

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Yet nothyng canſt thou doe.

Of Pontilianus.

WHen flamyng Phœbus with his heat,
doth taule the ground to chinke,
Straight wayes Pontilian thirſtie cries,
boy hither hie with drinke.
When ſo it raines, lo now ſaith he,
God warnes vs to carowſe:
Which all aboute the ground doth ſo
with fleet and ſhowers ſouſe.
So gullyng thus, in ſunne nor ſhowers
his drinke is not forgot:
And ſomwhat ſtill he hath to ſay,
why he ſhould tolle the pot.

AVSONIVS.

An exhortation vnto modeſtie.

MEn ſay, that Kyng Agathocles
once fed in potters plate:
And charged ofte with Samian claie,
his Tables where he ſate.
Mong which his chargers all of Golde,
he ſerued in would ſee:
And ſo together he would minge,
his pryde and pouertee.

Where-

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Whereof this cauſe he gaue. Lo I
poſſeſſyng pyncely place
Of Cicil: late was ſonne vnto
a Potter poore and baſe.
Learne hence your roomes to reuerence ye
that clime to honour faſt,
And begger brought to honours ſeate,
remember what thou waſt.

Of the Picture of Rufus, a vaine Rhethorician.

THe Rhethoricians ſtatue this,
that Rufus had to name:
Looke euen what Rufus was hymſelfe,
this Image is the ſame.
Tongles and witles, cold and deafe,
a ſtone that can not ſee:
A Rufus right: one difference yet,
more ſoft was Rufus he.

Of a woman that would haue poyſoned her huſbande.

A Wife, a wicked woman that
a noughtie life did liue,
Vnto her iealous huſband did
foule filthy poyſon giue.
She demyng that alone, not of
ſufficient force to be
To rid hym quicklie: longing ſore

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his quick diſpatche to ſee,
Quickeſiluer with the poyſon mings,
demyng of both the ſoyce,
Would quickly bring hym to his graue,
and make hym ſoone a coyſe.
Theſe parted, poyſon ſtrong do make,
(What man the ſame would think)
But put together they preſerue,
Who ſo thereof doth drinke.
Now while together twixt themſelues,
theſe poyſons both doe ſtriue:
He voyds from hym the deadly bane,
and ſo remaines aliue:
What care hath God on earthly ſoules?
he dead reuiueth man.
And when the fates will haue it ſo,
two poyſons proffit can.

To one that painted Eccho. 92 r

THou wiltles wight, what meanes this mad intent,
To draw my face and foyme, vnknowne to thee?
What meanſt thou ſo for to moleſten mee?
Whom neuer eye beheld, nor man could ſee.
Daughter to talkyng tongue, and ayre am I,
My mother nothyng is when thinges are wayde,
I am a voyce without the bodies ayde.
When all the tale is tolde and ſentence ſaide,
Then I recite the latter ende afreſhe,

In

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In mockyng ſort and counterfayting wiſe:
Within your eares my cheſeſt harbour lies,
There doe I wonne, not ſeen with mortall eyes.
And more to tell and farther to proceede,
I Eccho hight of men below in ground:
If thou wilt draw my counterfet indeede,
Then muſt thou paint (O Painter) but a ſound.

An Epitaphe of Anitia.

The thynges that many yeres,
can ſcantly bryng about,
Anitia hath accompliſht, yet
not fullie twentie out.
An infante ſhe hath luckt, a maide
ſhe quickly fell in loue:
She linkt, conceiude, brought forth, & did
the pangs of child-birthe proue,
And made a mother, now at laſte,
death hence did her remoue.
Who rightly can the fates accuſe?
ſhe liued hath the yeres,
Eche ages function to performe,
as plaine by proofe apperes.

Of a Hare taken by a Dog-fiſhe.

The ſentyng hounds purſude,
the haſtie Hare of foote:
The ſelie beaſt to ſcape the Dogges,
did lumpe vppon a roote:

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The rotten ſcrag it burſte,
from cliffe to Seas he fell:
Then cride the Hare, vnhappie me,
for now perceiue I well
Bothe lande and ſea purſue,
and hate the hurtleſſe Hare:
And eke the dogged ſkie alofte,
if ſo the dog be theare.

Of Miron an old dottrell, that would haue lyen with Lais.

OLd Miron, Lais wanton wenche
to lye with hym, beſought:
Fine Lais ſhe, did put hym backe
and ſet his ſute at nought.
He knowyng ſure it was his age,
that ſhe did ſo diſpiſe:
His hoarie head (all ouer ſtraght)
with blackyng darke he dies.
And ſo with wonted viſage he,
but not with wonted heare
For to renue his wonted ſute,
goes to his Lays deare.
But ſhe comparyng head of his
and face together well:
Perchaunce this ſame is Miron myne
quoth ſhe: I can not tell.
So ſhe (vncertaine what he was)

diſ-

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diſpoſde to ſpoꝛt and plaie:
In daliyng wiſe thus gan ſhe ſpeake
and to her louer ſaie:
Why ſooliſhe fellowe fonde quoth ſhe,
why doeſt thou this require?
The thyng thou doeſt demaunde of me,
I earſt denied thy ſire.

Tranſlated out of twoo Greeke authors: Plato and Scatilius.

A Wretched caitiffe, in diſpaire,
went fooꝛth with thꝛotlyng cooꝛde
To make awaie hymſelf: by hap
he founde a golden hoarde:
He ioyfull twas his happie chaunce,
this hidden hoarde to finde:
Foꝛlooke his purpoſe, tooke the gold
and left the rope behinde.
The owner when he came, and ſawe
from thence his ruddocks refte:
Foꝛ ſoꝛrowe hunge hym ſelf with rope,
that there behinde was lefte.

Of Venus in armour.

DAme Pallas Ladie Venus bewde,
clad braue in armour bꝛight:
Let Paris iudge (come on quoth ſhe)
together let vs fight.
See, ſee, quoth Venus how ſhe bꝛags:

a proude disdainfull daine:
Thou knowst I smockleſſe conquerd thee,
peace Pallas, fie for shame.

The same otherwise.

IN compleate Pallas sawe,
the Ladie Venus stande:
Who saied, let Paris now be Judge,
encounter we with hande.
Replide the Goddesse: what?
shornste thou in armour me:
That naked erst in Ida mount,
so foild and conquerd thee?

Of the picture of Rufus a vaine Rhethoritian, of whom there is an Epigram before.

THis Rufe his Table is,
can nothyng be more true:
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece
and he are one to vewe.

Of the picture of the same Rufus.

WIth visage faire, that can not speake,
wouldst knowe what one I am?
I Marrie: I am Rufus he
the Rhethoritian.
What, can not Rufus speake hym self?
he can not: tell me why?
The Image of this Image, for
he is hym self perdie.

Of

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Of the Table wherein Rufus was painted.

The portrature of Rufe this is,
whiche here you ſee:
Muche like the ſame in deede: hym ſelf
but where is he?
Hym ſelf in ſtately chaire is plaſt:
what doeth he there?
Naught els but what you ſee hym doe
in Table here.

Of the picture of kyng Cræſus, tranſlated out of the firſt booke of Greke Epigrams.

Thy picture Cræſus kyng that didſt
for riches all excell:
Unciuill rude Diogines
behelde beneth in hell.
And bewyng it alooke, he laught
as though his harte would breake:
At laſte (when he had laught his fill)
he thus began to ſpeake.
O fooliſhe Cræſus, what auailes
now all thy paultrie pelfe?
Sith now thou pooꝛer art, then pooꝛe
Diogines hym ſelf.
For what was myne I bare with me,
when ſelie Cræſus pooꝛe

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Thou penſilleſſe didſt packe from hence,
for all thy hugy ſtore.

Of the drinke DODRA: Which is made of nine thinges.

I Dodra hight: How ſo? nine thinges
do go to makyng mine:
Which they? ioyce, water, hony, bread,
ſpice, hearbes, ſalt, oyle and wine.

Againſt tvvo ſiſters of diuers conditions.

WE muſe and maruell Delia muche,
(and that with cauſe) to ſee
That there ſuche difference is betwixt,
thy ſiſter ſhe and thee.
She chaſte doth ſeeme (vnchaſte indeede)
becauſe of her araie:
Thou chaſt indeede, doſt ſeeme vnchaſt,
for garments thine ſo gay.
Though thou be ſpotles pure in life,
thoug ſhe haue honeſt weedes:
Yet garments thyne diſhoneſt thee,
and her her noughtie deedes.

Of a ſluggard.

The luſke in health is worſer farre,
then he that keepes his bed:
Tis twiſe ſo much that he deuoures

of

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of beare, of beafe and bread.

Of the riche and poore man.

HE is not riche which plenty doth poſſes:
Ne is he poore, that nothing hath at all:
And of them both the pooremãs nede is leſſe,
as by the ſequel proued ſee you ſhal. (neede:
The riche of Precious ſtones doth ſtande in
the poore of graine to helpe hym in diſtres:
So ſith the poore & riche both want, indeede
of both their nedes ỹ poremãs nede is leſſe.

Of his deare deceaſed.

THree graces fayre there were: but while
my Leſbia did remaine
Foure were there: and now ſhe is gone,
there are but three agayne.

MICHAEL TARCHA-
MOTA MARVLLVS.

To Neæra.

MY ſweete, you aſke what life I liue:
Euen ſuche a life as you me giue,
Diſtreſſed, doleſull, barde from reſte:
As bad as well can be expreſte:
This is the life for certaintee,
That you my deare doe giue to me.

You

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You doe demaunde my deare beside,
What mates a daies with me abide:
Cares, sicknesse pale, and greef of harte,
Paine, twitching throwes, & scalding smart,
Sighes, sobbes, and teares, and great unrest,
As bad, as well can be expresst.
Companions these and mates of mine,
These you my deare to me alline.

ANDREAS DACTIVS.

Of hym self, and his frende.

LIke as the bough doeth bud and branche,
knit to his bodie faste:
And pluckt awaie, doeth sone decaie,
dyse, wither, dye and waste.
Euen so by thee I stande, or fall,
I liue or dye by thee:
For vnto thee I am the bough,
and thou the stocke to me.

IOANNIS BAPTISTA PIGNA.

Of Naijs.

WHen as the Sunne doeth shine,
if Naijs hide her face:

Then

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Then Phœbus dies, and all the feelds
lament in dolefull cace.
When as the Sunne doeth ſhroude,
if Naijs faire appere,
Then darkneſſe dies, and all the feelds
reioyce with gladſome chere.

CÆLIVS RHODIGINVS.

How a man ſhould prepare to dye.

GOod ende if thou deſire, then well
to liue thy ſelf applie:
A happie life if thou deſire,
remember ſtill to die.

Piſcarius his Epitaphe.

WHo vnder this ſame Marble colde,
engraued lyes expreſſe?
A Fiſher greate, in warre a Mars,
and one that loued peace.
What caught he fiſhe declare me? no.
what then I praie thee tell?
Townes, cities, kingdoms, kings thẽſelues
haught, ſtoute, that did excell.
How caught this Fiſher theſe, declare
by what deuiſed netts?
By counſell deepe, by courage greate,
by ſtrength that all thyngs getts.

Who

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Who conquerd this ſtout Duke at laſt?
Mars, Mors, twoo Gods of might:
What was the cauſe that them conſtraínde?
vile enuious helliſhe ſpight.
They hurte hym nought, for ſtill doeth liue
his fame and glorie bright:
Whiche is of force, bothe Mars and Mors,
and all to put to flight.

GEORGIVS SABINVS.

Of the diſcorde of Princes.

TWo thrushes ſalne at variaunce
togethet feirce do fight:
Eache ſeekes the other for to foyle
by ſtrugling, ſtrength, and might.
The Hawke (their cruell enimie)
beholdyng them at ſquare:
In cruell clutches caught them both
and them to peaces tare.
So chriſtian princes whyle they be
betwene themſelues at bate,
In comes the tyrant Turke, their fo,
and ſpoyles them of their ſtate.

To a Laſſe, lamentyng of her mother the loſſe.

IN wayling the departure, of
thy louyng mother deere:

In

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In ragyng ſort why doſt thou rend
and hale from head thyne heare?
O ſpare thy locks (thou lewde)
and ceaſe to pull thy pate:
Doſt thinke by baldnes pilde,
thy dolor to abate?

Of a Painter: A pleaſant and mery ieſt.

A Painter once (that was
a Zeuxis for his ſkill)
Had children foule, deformed, blacke
and of complexion ill.
His wife ſpake to hym thus in ſport,
vpon a certen tyme:
Why doſt thou plant ſo naughtly tell,
and paint ſo fayre and fine?
O wife (quoth he) you knowe I plant
in darkenes all the night:
But paint I doe when Phœbus raies
do caſt a radiant light.

A mery ieſt of a *ſcattergood.*

What tyme a certen ſkattergood, 113v
within his gates by night
Did entryng ſee a pilfring knaue,
ſomethyng to ſteale and pike.
Thou art beſnerd here in the night,
to looke for ought (quoth he)
For I my ſelfe when Phœbus bright
doth

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doth ſhine, can nothyng ſee.

A Ieſt of a Ieſter.

A Scoffer fine was wont ſomtime,
in ieſt to euery wight:
Still to rehearſe Menalcas verſe,
(of whom doth Maro write.)
Ile make that none with talkyng tongue,
henceforth thou ſhalt abuſe:
This verſe of Vergil ſtill in ſport,
and Ieſtyng he would vſe.
But ſo it chaunced at the laſt,
for many a knauiſhe parte:
He was compeld by thyrlyng cord,
of death to byde the ſmart.
And brought to place where he ſhould bide,
the pinching pangs of death:
The halter tide, the hangman hoyſt
prepard to ſtop his breath.
The hangman puttyng oye his head,
the halter as they vſe:
Said: Ile make that none by talkyng tongue
hencefoorth thou ſhalt abuſe.

ANGE-

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ANGERIANVS.

To the Roſe.

THou Roſe ſo faire doeſt quickly fade,
ſo forme fades quickly ſure: 114r
Then thou faire Roſe, & beautie haue
a like tyme doe endure.

To his Image.

MY portraiture ſo liuely wrought, 114r v v
tell me who faſhioned thee?
How pallyng right reſembleſt thou,
the countenaunce of me.
Thou looketſt pale, pale eke looke I:
thou blinde, I alſo blinde:
(Aye me) no mynde haſt thou at all,
I likewiſe haue no minde.
No life haſt thou, no life haue I:
thou dumbe canſt nothyng ſpeake,
(Aye me) my tongue ne talkes at all,
I dumbe and ſpeachleſſe eake.
No harte doeth harber in thy breaſt,
I hartleſſe am againe:
Thou bideſt vnaccompanied,
ſo likewiſe I remaine:
Of fadyng paper thou compacte,

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that quickly doeth decaſe:
My bodie eke but brittle barke,
vnſtedfaſt ſtill doeth ſtaie.
Thou as a ſhadowe of my corps,
enduerſt but little tyme:
A fadyng ſhadowe followes ſtill
likewiſe the corps of myne.
Thou feble, ſone doeſt fade and faile:
long maie not I remaine:
To duſte and pouder thou muſt packe,
and ſo muſt I againe.
Bothe like as like maie be, but thou
liu'ſt merrier farre then I:
Thou liu'ſt and lou'ſte not, loue makes me
a wretche to liue perdie.

Of his loue Cælia.

The fire doeth tame the iron harde,
harde flinte the waters pearce:
Warme bloud doeth breake the Adamant,
as ſundrie bookes rehearſe:
But ſhe whom I doe ſerue (more harde:
then theſe repeted three)
Then Iron, Flint, or Adamant,
more rockie harde is ſhe.
For ne my fire that burnes in breaſt,
ne teares from eyes that fall,
Nor ſpinnyng bloud from ſanguine vaines,
maie make her rue her thrall.

Of

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Of Ioue.

A Swanne, a Bull, a Satyre wood,
and golde, was Ioue aboue: 116v
For L. for E. for A. and D.
with whom he was in loue.

To the Reader.

ALthough not thee, I please my self, 117r
thou reader maiest be gone:
Sufficient if the writers wourkes,
doe please hym self alone.

Of hym self.

THou laughst, thou lowrst (both glad & sad)
thou bothe doest rest, and raynge: 117r
Suche is the life a louer leads,
thou lovste, tis nothyng straynge.

IOANNES SECVNDVS.

Three Euills.

WHiche are three ills that mischefe men, 122v
to know dost thou desire?
Haue here in few my frend expresst,
the Fem, the Flud, the Fire.

The riche old man, of hym selfe.

WHen yong I was, then poore I was:
now in my latter dayes,

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122v (1)

With riches I abound: (ay mee)
vnhappie wretche both wayes.
When as I knewe some vse of goods,
I wanted euermore:
And now I know no vse of goods,
of goods I haue great store.

Of a Dwarfe.

122v (2)

A Dwarfe vppon a Pilmyers backe
did get hym vp to ride:
He deemd a tamed Oliphante
he did as then bestride.
But whyle he did aduaunce hym selfe
to holde vppon his backe,
He tumbled downe, and had a fall
that made his guts crie quacke.
When as the Dwarfe was thus vnhorst,
each laught, both great and small:
Why laugh you masters quoth the dwarfe?
what? Phaëton had a fall.

Loue is vncurable.

122v (3)

AN hearb is found each hurte to helpe:
all soares haue salues we see:
Alone the wound that Cupid giues
can neuer cured be.

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SIMON VALLAMBERTVS AVALON.

To a couetous old Carle.

ALthough thy hoare cluer heares,
as white as Lillies showe:
Although thou Pylius passe in yeares,
that liued long ago:
Although ẏ teeth (whiche thou hast bought)
nor crust can eate nor crumme:
Although vnto the brinke thou art
of Stygian boate now come:
Yet naytheles whole Coffers cramd
with coine, thou still dost craue:
And bags byg bolne with mony muche
thou still desirst to haue.
O dotyng sire, these heapes of coine
requires not Charon fell:
One silly pennie for his fare
contenteth Charon well.

Of Codrus.

IN to a princely Pallace proude
(buslt braue with Marble stone)
With ragged tattered torne attire
poore Codrus would haue gonne.

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So nakt (quoth one) ye come not here:
quoth Codrus no, and why?
The gods are nakt, and none but nakt
muſt go to heauen perdie.

To Panſophus.

THough Panſophus thou pleaſeſt none
no maruell tis, and why? 131v
Thou pleaſeſt ouermuch thy ſelfe
proud Panſophus perdy.

To a Niggarde.

ALL thyng is dere thou ſaiſt,
wine, bittayl, corne, and graine: 132v.3r
Yet miſer vile well ſtored thou
with all thyng doſt remaine.
So thou to no man deere,
ſelſt deere vnto the poore:
Alacke thou ſaiſt all things are deere,
deere muſt I ſell therefore.
Ah, ſell thou miſer as thou maiſt
and ſhunne thou Vſury:
Charus. So ſhalt thou be to all men deere
Carus. and dere to none perdie.

To a backbiter that was balde.

BAldſconſe, I nothyng haue 133v m.
vnto thee for to ſay:
But ſure I laude thy locks which are
gone from thy hed away.

To

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To Achilles Combanus.

BRight Glory rayngyng here and there,
to ſeeke the ſhinyng bowre
Where Vertue dwelt, hapt on thy houſe,
of Vertue fragrant flower.
And ſo when Glory did perceaue,
that Vertue dwelt with thee:
Here will I reſt (quoth he) thy gueſt,
I will Combanus be.

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OVT OF GREEK.

EPIGRAMMES.

How to vſe riches.

VSe riches thoſe thou haſte,
as though thou ſhouldeſt die:
Again as though thou ſhouldeſt liue,
thy goods ſpende ſparynglie.
A pvdent man is he,
whiche this conſideyng well:
Doeth ſtill obſerue and keepe the meane,
whiche all thyng doeth excell.

Againſt riot.

GReate ſtoꝛe of houſes foꝛ to buſlde,
greate ſtoꝛe of men to feede:
To come to pinyng penurie,
the verie pathe in deede.

Mannes miſerie.

I Wept when I was boꝛne,
and now at point of death
I likewiſe weepe, and weepe I ſhall
while bodie beareth bꝛeath.
O wꝛetched moꝛtall man,
weake, wofull, penſiue, ſad:
Come life oꝛ death (thou liſt a wꝛetche)
no comfoꝛt to be had.

Wiuyng

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Wiuyng twiſe.

HIs firſt wife dedde (and laied in graue)
who doeth a ſeconde take:
To trie the ſeas againe, hym ſelf
a ſhipman he doeth make.

Wedlocke.

VIrginitie ſurpaſſeth: yet
if all ſhould virgines be,
Our life were vaine, and none for to
ſuccede vs ſhould we ſee.
Take therefore thou a wife,
and when that thou doeſt dye
Leaue to the worlde and thee an heire,
and ſhunne adulterie.

Of a Thracian lad.

A Thracian boye well tipled all the daie,
Vpō a frozen ſpring did ſport and plaie:
The ſlipper Ice with heate of bodies ſwaie,
On ſodaine brake, and ſwapt his hed awaie:
That ſwam aloofte, belowe the carkas laie.
The mother came and bare the heade awaie:
When ſhe did burie it, thus gan ſhe laie,
This brought I forth in flame his heirce to
The reſt amids ꝑ flood to find a graue. (haue,

Pittie and compaſſion.

A Fiſher fiſhyng on the ſhore,
with anglyng pole in hande:

By

By hap a dedmans drowned ſcalpe,
dyue vp vnto the lande:
With drerie looke when long he had
beheldе the ſconſe he founde,
(With pittie prickt) he tooke it vp
to graue it in the grounde.
By Diggyng deepe it was his hap,
a hoorde of golde to finde:
Lo neuer vnrequited goes,
compaſſion curtuous kinde.

To Oreſtes preparyng to kill his mother.

Where ſhouſt thou in thy ſwoorde? thrugh (panche,
or pap ſo tender ſoft?
The bellie bredde and brought thee forthe,
the pappe did feede thee oft.

A prouerbe.

Betwene thy vpper lip,
and of the cup the brinke:
Doe many thyngs fall out,
the whiche thou wouldſt not thinke.

How death is haſtened.

Whoſo he be that lothyng life,
deſireth ſoone to die:
Three things muſt folowe (which are theſe)
Baines, wine, and Venerie.

Three

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Three thynges bothe hurt and helpe.

BAines, women, wine: these three
doe shorten life certaine:
Baines, women, wine: these three
doe lengthen life againe.

Nothyng hid from God.

THou Caitiffe though thou doe conceale,
thy crimes from men belowe:
Yet them to God thou must reueale,
whether thou wilt or no.

Fayned frendship.

NOt he so muche annoyes and hurtes
that saies I am thy foe:
As he that beares a hatefull harte,
and is a frende to showe.
Warnde of my foe, I shunne my foe:
but how should I take heede
Of hym that faines hymself my frende,
when as he hates in deede?
Wolde sure a wretched foe is he,
whiche frendship firme doeth faine:
And sekes by all the shifts he can,
his frende to put to paine.

To muche brynges lothsomnesse.

TO muche of any thyng is naught:
yea alwaies proue you shall

That

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That to muche euen of hunny hurts,
and bitter ſeemes as gall.

Againſt ſtepdames. 150r(3)

TO decke his ſtepdames tõbe with flowers
and garlandes, comes the ſonne:
Sure thinkyng now (that with her life) 9.67
her hatred had been doon.
The tombe downe totteryng on hym falles,
and killes hym by and by:
Loe liueleſſe toumbs of ſtepdames curſt,
learne cankred crueltie.

Of the contempt of Fortnue. 152v (2)

MY reſtyng rode is founde, 1x.49
vaine hope and hap adue:
Loute whom you liſte with chaunge,
Death ſhall me rid from you.

A controuerſie betwene Fortune
and Venus.

WHile Fiſher fiſht at waters ſide, 152v(3)
for fiſhe that there did ſwim: 9 44v
A riche mans daughter hym beheldc,
and fell in loue with hym.
So that ſhe linkt with hym to liue,
now he that was before
Baſe, barren, bare, and beggarlike,
doeth now abounde with ſtore.

Dame

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Dame Fortune by ſmilyng gan ſaie,
I praie you whiche of vs
Now miſtres Venus (you or I)
was cauſe this hapned thus.

Otherwiſe

WHile Fiſher caſte his line,
the houeryng fiſhe to hooke:
By hap a riche mans daughter on
the Fiſher caſte her looke.
She fride with frantícke loue,
thei married eke at laſt:
Thus Fiſher was from lowe eſtate,
in top of treaſure plaſt.
Stoode Fortune by, and ſmilde:
how ſaie you (dame) quoth ſhe,
To Venus? was this conqueſt yours,
or is it due to me?

The ſeuen ſages names, ſaiynges, and countryes, in ſeuen verſes.

THe Cittyes 7. whereas the 7. wiſe maſters rare (declare.
VVere borne, their names, and ſaiyngs 7. 7. verſes ſhall
Cleobulus of Lindia ſaid, a meane doth all excell.
VViſe Pittacus of Mittelen, ſaid, meaſure beares the bell.
Chilon of Lacedemon ſaid, take heede thy ſelfe to know.
Of Corinth Periander ſaid, to anger be thou ſlowe.
Sage Solon the Athenian ſaid, for ay reſpect the ende.
VViſe Thales of Mileſium ſaid, nought promiſe to thy frende.
Laſt, Bias of Priænium ſaid, all thinges to miſchefe bende.

The report of the multitude not to be regarded.

Solace

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SPlace and comfort thou thy ſelfe:
nought peoples talke eſteeme:
One man deemes well of thee, of thee
an other ill doth deeme.

Or thus.

SPlace and comfort thou thy ſelfe,
care nought what people prattle:
This man talkes well with thee, that man
againſt thee ſtill doth tattle.

Of a foole.

THe friſkyng flees þ feed on fleſhe by night,
a foole in bed, did trouble, twinge & bite:
The foole put out the candle: nay (quoth he)
Ile matche ye, now no more you ſhall me ſee.

Of a fooliſh Aſtronomer.

WHile Thales looked round about,
to vew the ſtarres in ſkie,
He hedlong fell into a ditche:
and there did grouelyng lye.
A beldam commyng after hym
beheld hym how he fell,
A countrie wife that went to fetche
faire water at a well.
When as ſhe came vnto the ditche
where lurden like he lay
She mockt hym: and with tremblyng voyce
ſhe

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ſhe thus began to ſay,
Fie fooliſh ſeelow as thou art,
why doſt thou vew the ſkie?
Why ſtaarſt on Starres that ſtately ſtand
and letſt mean matters lye?
The fates of other men to ſhowe
I deeme thee farre vnmeete,
When buzzard blynd thou canſt not ſee
what is before thy feete.

When Women profite.

ALthough all women kinde be nought,
yet two good dayes hath ſhe:
Her marriage day, and day of death
when all ſhe leaues to thee.

Of Caſtors Noſe.

WHen Caſtor diggs, a ſpade
his Noſe is vnto hym:
A Trumpet when he ſleepes:
a Sithe and Sickle trim
When as he gathers grapes:
an Anker when he ſailes:
A Culter when he plowes
that cuts and neuer failes:
When as he taketh fiſhe
a fiſhhooke all the whyle:
And when he would haue fleſhe
his Noſe a fleſhhooke vile:

When

When as he graues in wood,
a grauyng knife: and when
He pzunes and dzelleth trees
a graffyng knife as then:
A chipare, looke when as
the Carpenter he plaies:
A pallyng picklock, when
to open lockes he laies.
And what so Caſtor doth,
he can not mille his ſnoute:
His noſe muſt be the toole,
his wooꝛke to bzyng aboute.

Of a foule wife.

THe wzetche that married hath,
a dowd, an ougly dame:
Shall ſtill haue night, though day be bzight,
And fiꝛie Phœbus flame.

To one, hauyng a long noſe.

STand with thy ſnoute againſt the ſunne,
and open wide thy chaps:
And by thy teeth we ſhall decerne,
what tis a clocke, perhaps.

Of a deaf Iudge, a deaf plaintife, and
a deaf defendant.

BY hap a man that could not heare
that boꝛne was deafe by kinde,

Another

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Another cited to the court,
much like hymselfe to finde,
Whose hearyng sense was quight bereft:
the Judge that of the case
Should giue his verdit, was as deafe
as deafest in the place.
To court they came: the plaintiffe prayd
to haue his vnpaied rent:
Defendant said, in grindyng I
this werie night haue spent.
The Judge beheld them both awhile,
is this (at last quoth he)
Of all your slurred strife the cause?
you both her children be.
And therefore her to helpe and ayde
looke that you both agree.

Of Marcus a sluggard.

MArcus a sluggard slepyng, dreamd
a long race that he rund:
For feare he so should dreame againe,
long after slepe he shund.

Against one very deformed. ✓

TO paint the minde tis counted hard,
the corps to paint tis light:
But now in thee so foule deformd,
it falles contrarie quight.
For nature thine doth plaine bewraie,

I the

the manners of thy mynde:
And therefore how thy mynde is bent,
but eaſie tis to finde.
But now thy foule miſ ſhapen limmes,
how may they painted be?
And portraid out? when euery man
doth loth to looke on thee.

Againſt a drunkerd. 160v(4)

WIth ſweet perfumes, & flowers, my graue
doe you not gratifie:
Wine, fires, vppon a ſtone to ſpend,
tis coſt in vaine perdie.
Aliue giue you mee theſe, not dead:
with aſhes wine to minge,
What is it morter but to make,
not wine to mee to bringe.

Of drunkenneſſe. 160v(6)

LIke men we filll are meeke, at night,
when we haue typled well:
But when we riſe at morne athurſt,
then are we fearce and fell.

Otherwiſe.

AT night when ale is in,
like frends we part to bed:
In morrowe graie when ale is out,
then hatred is in head.

Againe

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Againe of the ſame.

MEn hauyng quaſt,
are frendly ouernight:
In dawning, dye,
A man to man a ſpyte.

Againſt a miſer.

ALL call thee ryche, I call thee poore,
goods make not ryche perdie:
This pyudent Apollophanes,
could tell as well as I.
If thou thy ryches vſe thy ſelf,
thy ryches thyne are then:
But if thou laue them for thyne heire,
thei are for other men.

Of Chriſalus couetous.

RIche Chriſalus at point of death,
doeth mourne, complaine and crie:
Was neuer man as he ſo lothe,
to leaue his life and die.
Not for becauſe he dies hymſelf,
his death he doeth not force:
But that his graue muſt coſt a grote,
to ſhroude his carrion corſe.

Of a riche miſer.

A Miſers mynde thou haſte,
thou haſt a princes pelfe:

Whiche makes thee wealthie to thine heire,
a beggar to thy ſelf.

Of Aulus, *Auarus.*

RIche Aulus countyng what a charge,
his daughter was to hym:
Did throwe her in the ſea, to ſee
where ſhe could ſincke or ſwim.

The ſame otherwiſe.

AVlus daughter twentie ſhillings charge,
eche yere was vnto hym:
He drowned her: aſkt wherefore:
he ſaied ſhe would vndoe hym.

Of Aſclepiades, a greedie carle.

ASclepiad that gredie carle,
by fortune founde a Mouſe:
(As he about his lodgyng lookt)
within his niggiſhe houſe.
The chidyng chuffe began to chafe,
and (ſparefull of his chere:)
Demaunded of the ſelie beaſt,
and ſaied, what makſt thou here?
You needе not ſtande in feare (good frende)
the ſmilyng Mouſe replide:
I come not to deuour your cates,
but in your houſe to bide.

A

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A long beard makes not a Philoſopher.

IF ſo a long downe dangling beard,
doe make a prudent man:
The bearded beaſt that bights the Gote,
maie bee a Plato than.

To one lame and loutiſhe.

THy lyms are lame, ſo is thy mynde:
thy outward forme bewraies
Thy properties, how inwardly
thou art diſpoſde alwaies.

Caſſander his Epitaphe.

SIth that a mortall borne thou art,
in daunger ſtill to die:
Accompt of naught as though thou ſhouldſt,
liue here continuallie.
For all muſt packe: of ſlipperie life,
vncertaine is the ſtaie,
Death will vs by the ſhoulders ſhake,
no helpe, we muſt obaye.
Caſſander here lies reſte of life,
faſte graſped in his graue:
Yet for his wiſedome he deſerude,
for euer life to haue.

Timocritus his Epitaphe.

TImocritus a warriar ſtoute,
Loe, lies engraued here:

Mars ſpares not valiaunt champions ſtoute,
But daſtards that doe feare.

Ariſtomenes.

THou meſſenger to Ioue on high, 163v t
thou Egle ſwift of flight:
On Ariſtomenes his toumbe,
declare why doeſt thou light?
By this I giue to vnderſtande, vii. 161
that as all birds I paſſe:
So he did all men farre ſurmount,
whyle here a liue he was.
The fearfull Doues doe haunt the toombes
whiche hartleſſe daſtards hide:
But where are buried champions bolde,
I loue for to abide.

Calimachus. 165 vb

THe frounyng fates haue taken hence
Calimachus, a childe
Fiue yeres of age: ah well is he
from cruell care exilde: vii. 308
What though he liud but little tyme,
waſte nought for that at all:
For as his yeres not many were,
ſo were his troubles ſmall.

Olde age longed for, yet lothed.

ECche one doeth ſeeke and wiſhe for age, 166v t
all while it is awaie: ix. 51

And

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And fewe doe come for to be olde,
whiche for olde age doe praie.
When age yet comes, ethe doeth it lothe,
and all doe it deteſt:
So ſtill we lothe our preſent ſtate,
deming the abſent beſt.

Death euerywhere.

HEre buried lies a Mariner:
and here a Corridon:
So on the ſea, and one the lande,
death riddeth, all is one.

It matters not where a man dye.

IT makes no matter where thou die:
the waie to heauen on hie
From euery countrey is a like,
be it farre of, or nie.

Liuyng on the Seas.

SHunne thou the ſeas, whiche bride vneaſe,
and quiet liue on lande:
If thou deſire in happie healthe,
to floriſhe long and ſtande.
Long like the lande doeth alwaies lende,
the ſeas make ſhorte our yeres:
Vpon the ſeas are ſeldome ſeen,
olde men with hoarie heares.

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Of Diogenes.

A Sachell and a ſtaiyng ſtaffe,
an homelie mantell: theſe
Were acceptable to the life,
of wiſe Diogenes.

Opinion.

GReate force in thyngs Opinion hath,
thou curteous art in deede:
What then? if otherwiſe men thinke,
they ſurely will thee ſpeede,
As once the men of Crete vnkinde,
did Philolaus ſlaie:
Becauſe they falſly demde and thought,
he would the tyraunt plaie.

Epictetus.

My name did Epictetus hight,
a bonde-man borne was I:
In bodie lame, as Irus poore,
a frende to Gods on hie.

To Gabriel.

A Painter painted Phaëton,
he painted eke the Sunne:
But no light could the Painter paint,
when all was made and doon.
Like ſo renouned Gabriel,
a Painter painted trim

Thy

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Thy face and vilage, but thy mynde
could not be made by hym.

Myrons Cowe.

The Cowe of brafle that Myron made,
(by arte and cunnyng ſkill)
If entraſles ſhe had had, ſhe would
haue lowde bothe loude and ſhrill.

Venus to Praxiteles.

Kyng Priams ſonne, Anchiſes eke,
with my Adonis dere
Behelde me nakt, theſe onely three:
Praxiteles but where?

Of Venus in armour.

Why haſt thou Venus tell,
God Mars his armour on?
Suche boiſterous ſtuffe why doeſt thou put,
thy tender corps vppon?
Mars mightie thou dydſt conquer quight,
ſtarke naked, ſtripped cleane:
To come to men, thus armed then,
I muſe what doeſt thou meane.

Of Cinyras a Fiſher.

VNto the Nimphes olde Cinyras,
hath dedicate his Nette:
To beate the brookes and ſtirke the fiſhe,
I.b. old

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old age now doeth hym lette.
Wherefore you fiſhes ſport your ſelues,
and through the waters ſkimme:
For now that Cinyras is doone,
you ſafe in ſeas maie ſwimme.

Biton.

BIton all vnderneth this tree,
three guiftes doeth offer here:
To Pan a Goate, flowees to the Nimphes,
to Bacchus God a ſpere.
Ye Gods accept them thankfullie,
and make to proſpere ſtill
His cattell Pan, his waters Nimphes,
Bacchus his grounde to till.

Of Alcon an Archer.

ASire that Alcon highte,
beheelde his ſonne embraſt
Of Serpent readie to bee rent:
he wooke his bowe in haſt,
And ſhotte with cunnyng ſkill ſo ſtraite,
that he the Serpent kilde:
And ſavde his ſelie childe, whiche els
the ſcrawlyng Snake had ſpilde.
Thus when the Snake was ſlaine, his ſonne
eke ſaued from annoye:
He hunge his quiuer on a bough,
reuiude

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reuiude with double ioye.

Timon his Epitaphe.

165 v (2)

My wretched caitiffe daies,
Expired now and past:
My carren corps entered here,
Is graspt in grounde:
In weltryng waues of swel-
lyng seas by sourges caste:
My name if thou desire,
the Gods thee doe confounde.

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THEODORVS BEZA VEZELIVS.

An Epitaphe vppon the death of William Budæus, *an excellent learned man of our tyme,* who died at Paris in Fraunce. Anno. M. D. XL. XII. Cal. Septemb.

BVDÆVS onely one alone,
(of wondrous arte and ſkill)
Hath made the earth, the heauens, & (men
beholden to hym ſtill.
To haughtie heauens he hath bequethd
his ſoule: his corps to ground:
And vnto vs he hath bequethd
his worthy workes profound.
So poore from hence he did depart,
for naught he left hymſelfe:
But better far this pouertie
perdie, then worldly pelfe.

An other Epitaphe of the ſame Budæus.

ALL men bewaild Budæus death,
the ayre did alſo mone:
The brawlyng brookes eke wept, becauſe
Budæus good was gone.
So men did waile, that euery where,
were papers printed ſeen

Of

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Of Verses, Threnes and Epitaphes,
full fraught with teares of teene.
From ayre so dropt the rayny teares,
that shed was euery shower:
So that no drop remaynd behind,
vppon the earth to powr.
So wept the waters, that wheras
before were Barges borne:
There now might whirling wagons runne:
to dust the waues were worne.
Now heauen and earth remaines behinde,
these two alone except:
There nothyng was in all the world,
but for Budæus wept.
But sith the heauens posses his soule,
(and still posses it shall)
The earth his corps, what cause haue they,
wherefore to weepe at all?

An Epitaphe vppon the death of Katharina Texea.

WHo lieth lodged here belowe, (knowe:
perchaunce thou reader faine wouldst
And I my selfe would gladly tell,
but that her name I know not well.
And maruell none at all though I,
am thereof ignorant perdie:
For who most learned are of all,

wot

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wot not her name what they ſhould call.
For if by corps ſuppold may be
her ſeer, then ſure a virgin ſhe:
But ſure I wot not ponderyng all,
how I woman may her call.
For why? nor ſear, nor greef, could make
her ſturdy ſtomake ſtoute to quake.
She miſbehavd her ſelf in nought,
ſhe freely ſpake what ſo ſhe thought.
And when that ſilence beſt beſeemd,
then none then ſhe more ſilent deemd.
She neuer ſhe, held daunting deere:
ſhe neuer deckt nor tuſt her heere:
She neuer vſed paintyng dye:
ſhe neuer vſd to role her eye:
No wanton word would ſhe put out:
therefore ſhe was a man no dout.
Yet ſure ſhe was no man I know,
I not why I ſhould name her ſo.
Such heauenly hue ſuche bewty haue,
we neuer ſaw yet man to haue.
Both man and woman then was ſhe:
nay that agen may no wayes be.
I haue already proued this,
that ſhe ne man nor woman is.
A goddeſſe then neades muſt ſhe be,
or els a new Minerua ſhe:
And though ſhe be a Lady bright,

yet

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yet hath the hart and manly might.
Yet Pallas crueltie is knowen,
eak vice of gods abroad is blowen.
Wherefore of force we must suppose,
that this same Tomb doth here inclose
Such one as euery state did staine:
men, women, gods aloft that raigne.

Written vppon the graue of ANTON. PRAT. (chefe Chaunceler of FRAVNCE) which was a grosse great Gorbely.

A GREAT MAN here engraued lyes.

Of Titus Liuius.

FOr Liuie late a Tombe I gan ordaine,
what meanest thou Apollo said, refraine:
Such maner things become the dead (q he)
but Liuie liues, and still aliue shalbe.

To Cl. Marotus.

APelles learned hand, so fine
did paint fair Venus Queene:
That euery one suspold that he,
had Venus bewd and seen.
But workes of thine Marotus lewd,
of Venus fauour so:
That euery one sure deemes, that thou
dost all of Venus know.

A

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216 v m

A preſent to Truchius and Dampetrus.

FIrme faſt vnfained faithfull frends,
haue vſd (and vſe alway)
Eache one the other to preſent
with guifts on Newyeares day.
A Cuſtome Laudable it is,
at euery newyeres tyde
Old loue with guifts for to renew,
that frendſhip faſt may byde.
Now ſith my Truchius truſtie true
thou takſt me for thy frend:
And ſith my dere Dampetrus eke
his likyng me doth lend.
(Accordyng vnto auncient guiſe)
I ſend vnto you here
A preſent ſmall: and what though ſmall?
yet fit it ſhall appeare.
You both are Poets: to you both
I verſes ſende to vew:
I verſes ſend in token of
the loue I bear to you.
Pure loue hath linkt you both in one,
and ſith you ioyned be:
One guift to ſend vnto you both,
it ſeemed beſt to mee.

Deſcription of vertue.

216 v b

WHat one art ỹ thus in torne weed yclad?
Vertue, in ꝓice of auncient ſages had:
Why

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Why poorely raid? for fadyng goods paſt care:
why doble faaſt? I mark eth fortunes fare.
This bridle what? minds rages to reſtraine,
wooles why beer you? I loue to take great paine.
Why wings? I teach aboue ẏ ſtarres to flye,
why tread you death? I onely cannot dye.

Againſt a maidenly man.

FOr to be married yeſterdaie,
To Churche a gallaunt ſetted gaie:
His criſped locks wavde all behinde, 222v
His tongue did liſpe, his viſage ſhinde.
His couyng eyes rolde to and fro,
He ſilkyng fine did mincyng go:
His lippes all painted ſemed ſweete:
When as the Prieſt came them to meete,
(A pleaſaunt ſcouſe, though nought of life)
He aſkt of bothe whiche was the wife?

Of a Painter, and a Baker.

A Painter and a Baker ſtrivde,
whiche ſhould the other paſſe
To paint or bake, twixt them to iudge,
A Prieſt ordained was.
The Painter ſpake (quoth he) what ſo
the hugy worlde containes,
Or what ſo Nature wookes, is wrought
by Painters arte and paines.
(Quoth Baker) this is more then that,

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Chriſt whiche the worlde did frame
The Baker formes in figure fine,
that all maie ſee the ſame.
Quoth Painter then, thou makeſt Chriſts,
mennes bellies for to fill:
Thy Chriſtes are chrusht wi craſhing teeth,
my woorke continues ſtill.
Quoth Baker then, what thou doeſt paint,
doeth no man good in deede:
What we doe forme it ſerues as foode,
the hungrie foule to feede.
Quoth Painter, Bakers bake their Gods,
mennes bellies for to fill:
Quoth Baker Painters paint their Gods,
for Wormes to gnawe and ſpill.
Then quoth the Judge, ho holla here,
ſufficient for this tyme:
About this waighтie thyng to braule,
is ſure an hainous crime.
Bothe to your houſes now departe,
and ſtill in peace agree:
And Painter paint, and Baker bake,
your gods to bryng to me.

A ſportfull compariſon, betwene Poets and Papiſts.

LO here the cauſe to Francis, why
Homerus I compare:

Lo

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Lo here the cauſe wherefore I thinke,
that Monkes like Poets are.
Franciſcus could not ſee one whit,
and Homer he was blinde:
Homerus he was blinde of ſight,
Franciſcus blinde of minde.
Franciſcus was a begger bare,
no bigger Homer was:
Bare beggers bothe, their tyme thei did
in merrie ſyngyng paſſe.
Franciſcus filde the worlde with lyes,
lyes likewiſe Homer taught:
Franciſcus by his bretheren,
Homer by bookes he wraught.
In ſecret woods and glomie groues,
firſt Poets led their liues:
In dampiſhe dennes and deſarts ded,
Monks lived without their wiues.
Eche toune with Munkes was peſtered,
when woods at laſt thei left:
With Poets euery cittie ſwarmde,
thei could not thence be reft.
Still Poets ſyng: and moppinne Munkes,
ſyng likewiſe daie and night:
And none ſo muche as thei them ſelues,
doe in their ſonges delight.
Eche Poet hath his wanton wenche,
to dandle all the daie:

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For feare of faſlyng euery Munke,
hath fowre to kepe hym plaie.
The Poet laudes (and likes of life)
full cuppes whiche flowe and ſwym:
The Munke if he his licker lacke,
all goes not well with hym.
The Poet with his luryng Lute,
his Sonets ſyngeth ſhrill.
The Monke with pot faſt by his ſide,
his carroles chaunteth ſtill.
With diuers Furies bothe are vext:
the Poet beares a ſpeare
With Iuie deckt: the maſkyng Munke
a golden croſſe doeth beare.
The Poets croune is dreſt with Baies,
and mirrtle braunches braue:
White chinyng ſhitten ſhauen crounes,
the Popiſhe prelats haue.
For fine, to Munke giue Poetrie,
to Poet giue the whood:
And ſo thou ſhalt make bothe of them,
right Munkes, and Poets good.

Againſt ſtepdames.

A Striplyng went with ſcourge in hande, f. 140
Whereas the portraiture did ſtande
Of ſtepdame his: in rage anone
He fell to beatyng of the ſtone.

The

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The ſtone downe on hym tattereth,
And vnto death hym battereth:
Thou ſonne in lawe take hede, and ſee
To ſtepdame thyne, though dead ſhe bee.

An Epitaphe vpon the death of Ihon Caluin, poorely and plainly enterred at Geneua.

THe terrour of the Romiſhe route,
doeth lye engraued here:
Whoſe loſſe all good men waile, of whom
the wicked ſtoode in feare.
Of whom euen Vertue ſayze her ſelf,
might vertue learne: now why
So grolly grabbe doeſt reader alke
doeth learned CALVIN lye?
While Caluin liude, dame Modeſtie
did hym aſſociate ſtill:
And ſhe her ſelf here placed hym,
when Death did Caluin kill.
O bleſſed graue that doeſt encloſe,
a gueſt ſo godlie graue:
Thou doeſt ſurpaſſe the Marble toumbs
and kynges ſepulchers braue.

Againe vppon the death of Ihon Caluin.

WHile Caluin thou didſt liue, aliue
I likewiſe lobd to be:

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Ay me how I could like of life,
to leaue now life with thee.
My life I lothe, and yet I loue
to liue, alone for this:
That I may weep and waill for thee,
whom I so fore do mille.
Ah Beza liue to wepe and waile,
to wepe and waile at full
Caluinus Death, ah farewel frend,
Adue, now ded and dull.
Untill in sweet Celestiall coft,
we bothe shall meet againe
In teares, in teen, in mourning mone,
shall dolefull Beze remaine.

Martino Luthero, antichristi Romani domitori Trophæum.

ROme conquerd all the world, and Rome
the Pope did conquer quight:
Rome conquerd al by frollick force,
the Pope by subtile slight.
But Lerned Luther Champion stoute,
how far doth he both twayn
Surmount, who with his seely pen
to yeld doth both constraine.
Now go to Greece, brag til thou burst
of stout Alcides thine:
Naught is his battering club, compard
to Luthers pen deuine.

THO-

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THOMAS MORVS.

Of an Aſtrologer, *That was a Cuckold.*

TO thee thou ayrie Prophet, all
the ſtarres them ſelues do ſhow:
And do declare what deſtinies,
al men ſhal haue belowe.
But no ſtarres (though they al things ſe)
admoniſhe thee of this,
That thy wife doth with euery man,
behaue her ſelfe amiſſe.
Saturnus ſtands far of, men ſay
that he long ſince was blinde,
And ſcantly could decern a child
and from a ſtone him finde.
Fayr Luna goes with ſhamfaſt eye,
A virgin naught will ſee
But ſuch thinges as beſeme a maid,
and lightnes all will flee.
Ioue to Europa gaue his hart:
To Mars did Venus cleaue:
And Mars agayne did Venus ſerue:
Sol would not Daphne leaue
His loue: and Mercury did call
to minde his Hyrce deer:
Hereof it comes to paſſe, oh thou

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vnwiſe Aſtrologere,
That when thy wife delighted is
with lufty yonkers loue:
Thereof do nothing notifie
to thee the ſtarres aboue.

Of Beuty. *Dilemma.*

IN faith what beutie haue auailes,
at all I nothyng ſee:
If thou be feruent, hot, each doud
ſeemes fayre and freſh to thee:
If thou be out of courage, cold,
the louelieſt lothſum be:
In faith what bewty haue auailes,
at all I nothyng ſee.

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Againſt Wiuyng.

A Wilery to marry ſtill,
thus euery one doth ſay:
Thus ſay they ſtil, yet wittingly
we wiuyng ſee each day.
Yea though one bury fyue, yet he
from wiuyng will not ſtaye.

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Againe of wiues.

GReekes greuous wiues are vnto men,
yet gladſome ſhall we finde them
And louyng: if ſo leuyng vs,
they leaue their goods behind them.

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And

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Of a Picture liuely deſcribed.

SO well this table doth expreſſe,
the countenaunce of thee:
As ſure it ſeemes no table, but
a glaſſe thy ſelfe to ſee.

Of a Niggard departing this life.

RIch Chryſalus at point of death,
doth mourne, complaine and crie:
Was neuer man as he ſo loth
to leaue his life and dye.
Not for becauſe he dyes, he cryes,
his death he doth not force:
This cuttes, his graue muſt coſt a groate,
to ſhrowde his carrin corſe.

The difference betwene a King and a Tyrant.

BEtwene a Tyraunt and a Kyng,
would you the difference haue?
The Kyng each Subiect counts his child,
the Tyraunt eache his ſlaue.

A Tyrant in ſlepe, naught differeth from a common perſon.

DOſt therefore ſwell and powt with pride,
and rear thy ſnout on hie:
Becauſe the crowd doth crouch and couch,
wherſo thou commeſt by?

K.v. becauſe

Becauſe the people bonnetles
before thee ſtill do ſtand?
Becauſe the life and death doth lye
of diuers in thy hand?
But when that drouſie ſleepe of thee,
hath euery part poſſeſt:
Tell then where is thy pompe and pride,
thy porte and all the reſt?
Then ſnorting lozzell as thou art,
then lyeſt thou like a block:
Or as a carrion corps late dead,
as ſenceleſſe as a ſtock.
And if it were not that thou wert,
cloſd vp in walles of ſtone
And fenced round, thy life would be
in hands of euery one.

Of a good Prince and an euill.

A Good prince what? the dog that keepes
his flocke aye ſafe in reſte,
And hunts the Wolfe awaie: an ill?
hym ſelf the rauenyng beaſte.

Of a Theef and a Lawier.

A Theef ycleped Clepticus,
that did from one purloine:
Fearyng to be condemde, a pace
his Lawier fed with coine.
When Lawier his had turnd his bookes,
and

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and red bothe night and daie:
He hoopt he tolde hym he should scape,
if he could run his waie.

A ridiculous pranke of a Priest.

A Certaine guest the goblet clenzde
from flies, before he dranke:
And hauyng drunke, he caste againe
the flies in goblet cranke.
And tolde the cause why so he did,
no flies quoth he loue I:
But whether you them loue or not,
I can not saie perdie.

Of a waterspaniell.

A Dog that had a Ducke in mouthe,
an other gapt to catche:
So loste he that he had, and that
whereafter he did snatche.
The churlishe chuffe that hath enough,
and sekes an others pelfe:
Doeth oftentymes, and worthely,
lose that he hath hym self.

A Cur by a crib, a couetous miser.

THe cur that couchyng kepes the crib,
hym self doeth eate no Haie:
Ne letts the hungrie horse, that faine
thereon would feede and praie.

The

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The Carle (like to the cruell Cur)
that plentie hath of pelfe:
Imparts no parte to other men,
nor ſpends vpon hym ſelf.

Of a Beggar, bearyng hym
ſelf for a Phiſition.

YOu Medicus your ſelf doe terme,
but more you are faſe I:
Mendicus. One letter more then Medicus,
your name it hath perdy.

Of a diſhoneſt wife.

OF children fruitfull, fruitfull, is
Aratus wife perdie:
For children three ſhe brought hym forthe
and with hym did not lye.

To one whoſe wife was
naught at home.

AT home a naughtie wife thou haſt,
if towards her thou be curſt,
Then worſe is ſhe: if curtuous,
of all then is ſhe worſt.
Good will ſhe bee if ſo ſhe dye,
but better if ſhe dye,
And thou ſuruiue: but beſt of all,
if hence in haſte ſhe hye.

Of Tyndarus.

A

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A Wight whose name was Tyndar, would
haue kist a prety lasse:
Her nose was long: (and Tyndar he
a flouting fellowe was.)
Wherefore vnto her thus he saied,
I can not kisse you, sweete:
Your nose stands out so farre, that sure
our lippes can neuer meete.
The maiden nipt thus by the nose,
straight blusht as red as fire:
and with his girde displeased, thus
she spake to hym in ire.
Quoth she, if that my nose doe let
your lippes from killing myne:
You there maie kisse me where that I,
haue neither nose nor eyne.

To Sabinus: whose wife conceiued in his absence.

AN helpe and comfort to thy life,
and to the age of thyne:
A goodly childe is borne to thee,
haste hye thee home Sabine.
Haste hye thee home to see thy wife,
the fruitfull wife of thine:
And eke thy blessed newe borne babe,
haste hye thee home Sabine.
Haste hye thee home in poste poste haste,
thou

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thou nilt be there in tyme:
Although thou hye thee nere so faſte,
haſte hye thee home Sabine.
Thy wife doeth lye and long for thee,
thy brat doeth braule and whine:
Bothe thinke thou tarrieſt ouer long,
haſte hye thee home Sabine.
Thou canſt not be vnwelcome home,
when that a child of thine
Is borne, naie gotten to thy hands,
haſte hie thee home Sabine.
Haſte haſte I ſaie that yet at leſt,
at ſacred Fant deuine
Thou maieſt ſee dipt thy dillyng defte,
haſte hye thee home Sabine.

Of Fuſcus a drunkerd.

A certaine man in phillicke ſkild,
to F. ſpake in this wiſe:
F. drinke not ouermuch (take heed)
for drinke will looſe your eyes.
He pauſd vppon this ſentence giuen,
and pondered what was ſpoke:
And when he had bethought hym, thus
at laſt his mind he broke.
I will by drinkyng looſe myne eyes
quoth he, tis better ſo
Then for to keepe them for the wormes
to gnaw them out below.

Of

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Of a Kyng and a Clowne.

A Clowne in forreſt foſtered vp,
the Citty came to ſee:
Then forreſt Faune, or Satyre wood,
more homely rude was he.
Muche people all the ſtreates about,
together thick did throng:
And nothing but the kyng doth come,
they cried the ſtreet along.
The ſeely ruſtick halfe amazd,
to heare ſo ſtraunge a crie:
Muche muzd, and tarried there to ſee,
what ſhould be ment therby.
At laſt vppon a ſodaine comes,
the kyng with ſumptuous train:
All braue bedeckt with glitteryng gold,
he gorgeous did remaine
On comely courſer hoiſted hie:
now euery where the croude
With ſtrained throates God ſaue the kyng
they crie, and crie alowde.
The king, the king, O where is he,
the Clowne, began to crie:
(Quoth one) with finger pointed out
lo where he ſitts on hye.
Tuſh that is not the kyng quoth he,
thou art deceiued quight:

That

That ſeemeth but a man to mee,
in painted veſture dight.

Of an vnlearned Biſhop.

THe Letter killes, the Letter killes,
thus alwaies doſt thou crie:
And nothyng ſaue the letter killes,
thou haſt in mouth perdie.
But thou haſt well prouided, that
no Letter thee ſhall kill:
For thou doſt know no Letter, thou
in Letters haſt no ſkill.

To one light minded.

IF that thou wert as light of foot,
as thou art light of mynd:
Thou wouldſt outrun the lightreſt Hare
and make hym come behind.

A Ieſt of a Iackbragger.

A Country clouniſh Coridon,
did vſe abroad to rome:
And kept a bragging Thraſos wife,
while he was gonne from home.
When as the Souldier was returnd,
and heard this of the Clowne:
He ſtampt and ſtard, and ſwore gogs nownes,
Ile beat the villen downe.
And went well weponed into feeld,

to

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to ſeeke his fellow out:
At laſt by chaunce he did hym finde,
raingyng the feeld about.
Ho ſirra ſaid the ſoldier, ſtay:
you ratcall villen vile
I muſt you bob: the clowne did ſtay,
and tooke vp ſtones and Tyle.
Shaking his ſword the ſouldier ſayd,
you ſlaue you vſde my wife:
I did ſo ſaid the clowne, what then?
I loue her as my life.
O doe you then confeſſe ſaid he?
(by all the gods I ſwere)
If thou hadſt not confeſt the fact,
it ſhould haue coſt thee dere.

Againſt a Paraſite.

When Eutiches doth run a race,
he ſeemes to ſtand perdy:
But when he runnes vnto a feaſt,
then ſure he ſeemes to flye.

Againſt Chelonus.

Why doſt thou loth Chelonus ſo,
the name of lumpiſh aſſe?
The learned Lucius Appuley,
an aſſe he ſometyme was.
But thou doſt differ muche from hym,
(he had a learned head)

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He was a golden alle perdy,
thou art an alle of Lead.
A manly mynd, and body of
an alle he had, we finde:
But thou a manlike body haſt:
a doltiſhe allelike minde.

Of Sleep. The ſentence of Ariſtotle

HAlfe of our life is ſpent in ſleape:
in ſleepe no difference is
Betweene the wealthy wight, and hym
that welth doth want and miſſe.
Now Cræſus thou riche caitiffe king,
though huge thy ſubſtaunce were:
Yet Irus pooze in halfe his life,
did like to thee appeere.

Deſire of Dominion.

AMongeſt many kings,
ſkant one king ſhall you ſee
Content with kingdome one alone,
ſkant one, if one there be.
Amongeſt many kings,
ſkant one king ſhall you ſee
That rules one onely kingdome right,
ſkant one, if one there be.

Remedies, to take away a ſtinkyng breath occaſioned by ſundry meates.

TO kill the ſtink of lothſom leekes,
thou muſt cranch Dynions faſt:

It

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If thou wilt not of Dynions ſtinke,
eate Garlike ſtrong in taſt.
If after thou of Garlike ſtrong,
the ſauour wilt expell:
A Mard is ſure the onely meane,
to put away the ſmell.

IO. IOVIANVS PONTANVS.

Vppon the graue of a Begger.

While as I lyud no houſe I had,
now ded I haue a graue:
In life I liude in lothſume lacke, 254v
now dead I nothyng craue.
In life I liude an exile poore,
now death bryngs reſt to me.
In life poore naked ſoule vnclad,
now clad in cloddes ye ſee.

Vpon the Toumbe of Lucretia the daughter of Alexander. 6.

HEre lies Lucretia chaſt by name, 256v(5)
but Thais lewde by life:
Who was to Alexander Pope
bothe daughter, and his wife.

Of the infelcitie of Louers.

THe Graſhopper in medowes grene,
among the fragrant flowers: 265v(m)

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With chirpyng chearfull chitteryng shrill,
doeth passe the tedious howers.
And glads the goodly garnisht groues,
with laies and merrie tunes:
And slumberyng vnder dewie gralle,
the gladles night consumes.
She syngyng dies, and neuer feeles
the smart of Parcas knife:
In swete and heauenly harmonie,
she leads and leues her life.
O blest in life, and blest in death:
but me aye me alas:
Bothe daie & night through girt with greef,
my daies in dole I passe.
In Winter sharpe, in frosse and snowe,
(a crooked caitiffe old)
I lye and crie before her doores,
quight curlde almosse with cold.
Againe in Sommer cingyng hotte,
when Phebus fierce doeth raigne:
Poore selie soule before her doores,
I (grouelyng) grone and plaine.
I burne in loue, age weares me out,
no daie I finde releef,
No night I rest: but daie and night
still gript with gronyng greef.
Aye wretched are the yonge in loue,
thrise wretched louyng sires:

The

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The Grashopper still happie liues,
oh Cupids frantick fires.

GASPAR VRSINVS.

Of Thelesina.

SElde Thelesina doeth frequent
the Temples of the Priests:
And when she comes, she neuer but
a pilfyng while persists.
Wouldst knowe the cause why Ponticus,
abroade she doeth not rome?
It is her vse these shauelyngs still,
with her to haue at home.

ANTONIVS GOVEANVS.

Of Briandus Vallius.

WHen rumblyng thūder thumps are heard in t
to saue hymself, all fearfull Vallius flies
Downe to some celler (where hymself he hides)
he thinkes in cellers neuer God abides.

A pretie prancke of a modest mayden.

ONe Furius would haue kist a maide:
she squaimish did appeare

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And in a fume gaue Furius,
a whirret on the eare.
And therewith laied, goe kille your hande,
to kille if you delite:
Bothe hands and lippes are flesthe alike,
and bothe alike are white.

Of a Mounke.

A Sort of theeues had caught a Monke,
whereas thei robde in woode:
Thei bad hym preache, or yelde his purse,
in place whereas he stoode.
The Monke did yelde hymself to preache,
(he durst not disobaie:)
The theues were silent husht, and thus
the Monke began to saie.
The liues, the labours eke of theeues,
I must commende perdie:
The toile thei take, by lande and lake,
doth leade to lostie skie:
For Christ hym self by lande and sea,
did trauell farre and nere:
And neuer rested in one place,
as doeth by bookes appere.
So you my maisters roue and range
abroade from place to place:
Still still you walke your stations,
not restyng any space.

Christ

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Chriſt neuer plowde the clottered ſoile,
nor bled ſeede to ſowe:
Yet did he liue, and lacked naught:
you liue, and lacke you? no:
What more vnto you ſhould I ſaie?
to iudgement brought was he:
And he condemned was to death,
ſo likewiſe you ſhall be.
Chriſt likewiſe he was fixt on croſſe,
and hangde in ſight of all:
And thinke you, you ſhall not be hangde?
yes truſt to it, you ſhall.
Among the goblins blacke of hell,
deſcended Chriſt belowe:
And you emong the griſly fiends,
to hell muſt likewiſe goe.
Chriſt beyng thence returnde againe,
on Gods right hande doeth ſitte:
But you ſhall neuer thence returne,
once plungde in Plutos pitte.

To Andreas Goueanus his brother.

I Brother, caught an Hare:
He fell to your ſhare:
Who caught this Hare declare?

Againe.

I Brother caught an Hare:
it fell to your lot

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To eate hym: ſo an Hare I loſte,
and ſo an Hare I got.

To Zebedeus.

NE woordes of men, noꝛ yet
the Senators decree:
Can make thee laſe awaſe thy beard,
ſo faire it ſeemes to thee.
The man whoſe beard hym noble makes,
he is not noble, he:
But who his beard nobilitates,
he noble ſeemes to mee.

CLAVDIVS ROSELETTVS.

A Lute of fir tree.

IN Foꝛreſt when I liud,
I had no ſound noꝛ voyce:
But made a Lute (with ſiluer ſound)
mens hartes I do reioyce.

Againſt womens lightnes.

THe Plume, the Pumice ſtone, the ayꝛe,
in lightnes doe ſurpaſſe:
The Plume, the Pumice ſtone, the ayꝛe,
in lightnes women paſſe.

To Syluius, a louely lad but lewdly liued.

IN all thy body bewty ſhines,
thy foꝛhed ſhineth faiꝛ:

Thy

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Thy mouth doth ſhine, thy noſe, thy chin,
thy glitteryng golden hayre.
But Syluius (as a ſtinkyng ſinke)
thy breſt is foule within:
Thy mynd is ſpotted, ſpatted, ſpilt,
thy ſoule is ſoyld with ſinne.
Ah painted Toomb ſtuft full of ſtink,
more lothſum nought we finde
Than he that faire hath all thinges, ſaue
his manners and his mynd.

The Back.

SHe ſkirryng flittereth as a byrd,
and as a beaſt ſhe goth
Fourfooted, and yet nether ſhe
is counted of them both.
She feedes & breedes her yong with milke,
ſhe layes ne hatches eggs:
Blacke lether wings, and teeth ſhe hath,
twoo lipps, and alſo leggs.

To a towardly yong man.

ALthough the roote of Vertue ſeeme
bitter to thee in taſte,
Yet doe not ſpit it out, the frute
ſhall pleaſant be at laſt.

To a certaine Barber.

IF but to ſhaue my beard (alone)
I Peter ſent for thee:

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Together both of purſe and herd,
why haſt thou ſhauen mee?

Againſt a Churle or thankles perſon.

A Cuntry wight with pitty pierſt,
(as writers earſt haue told)
Tooke vp a Snake rakt vp in ſnow,
quight curld almoſt with cold.
And plaſt hym in his boſom warme:
againe to life once brought,
He ſtrikes and ſtings the man to death,
that for hym ſo had wrought.
Unthankfull as thou art, euen ſo
thy frend thou doſt requite:
Thou givſt hym for a Pearch receavd,
a Scorpion that doth bite.

To a Theef.

THy feete are ſlow, thy ſpeach is ſlow,
thy mynd and all is ſlow:
But ſure thy hands to filche and ſteal,
they be not ſlow I knowe.
When as thy filchyng fingers falſe,
to pick thou doth prepare:
Remember ſtill what punifhments
for theeues ordayned are.

An Epitaphe, of an excellent Shipma-
ſter, or Pilote.

Neptune

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NEptune on Sea, gaue luck to thee:
Mars made thee ſtrong on land to be.
Now ioye thou haſt (with Ioue on hye)
aboue the glitteryng golden ſkye.
Great once waſt thou on ſea and land,
now great in heuen where ſtarres do ſtand.

CLAVDIVS CLAVDIANVS.

Of a Bore, and a Lion.

THe cruell Boze and Lyon curſt,
togethez fierce did fight:
The Boze of bziſtles bzagd, in maine
did lye the Lions might.
Mars one, the other Cibel laudes,
fightyng in bloudie bzoſle:
Bothe kept on Mountaines, bothe wer foild
by Hercules his toyle.

Of a poore man in loue.

ME pinchyng penurie doeth paine,
and Cupid wounds my harte:
I hunger can abide, but not
of loue the bitter ſmarte.
I liue and lacke: I liue and loue:
want doeth men ſoze annoye:
But ſozer muche the frantick flames,
of Cupid blinded boye.

IACO-

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IACOBVS ROGERIVS.

Vnder Hercules painted ſpinnyng.

347 v

What bryngeſ not loue to paſſe?
what doeth not loue conſtraine?
It cauſd ſtoute Hercules to ſpinne,
by whom were monſters ſlaine.

Againſt the riche vnlearned, *out of Laertius.*

348 r

What tyme Diogines, a dolte
in purple did beholde:
I ſee (ſaied he) a ſelie ſhepe,
in fell and fleece of golde.

Of three Grecians, writers of Tragedies.

375

Three Grecian Poets tragicall,
did leaue their liues and dye
Moſte ſtraungely, as the ſtories of
the Grecians teſtifie.
The firſte ycleped Sophocles,
(as writers ſundrie ſaie)
Was chockt with kurnell of a grape,
that in his throate did ſtaie.
Euripides the ſeconde (that
from women did reſtraine)

By

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By curſed hap with cruell curres,
was all to torne and ſlaine.
Now Æſchilus the thirde and laſte,
an Egle from an hye
Let fall a ſhell vppon his pate,
whiche kilde hym by and by.

GEORGIVS BVCHANANVS SCOTVS.

Of Rome.

NOthyng muſe a Shepheard doeth,
in Rome the ſcepter holde:
Sith that a Shepheard built the ſame,
(as ſundrie bookes haue tolde)
And ſith the founder of the ſame,
with Wouluiſhe milke was fedde:
I maruell nothyng I at all,
though Rome of Woulues be ſpedde.
But this me thinketh wondrous ſtraunge,
that ſafe a flocke ſhould reſt
In Rome w̄ rauenyng murdryng woulues,
and neuer be oppreſt.

Againſt Pope Pius.

POpe Pius heauen for money ſolde:
Death will not let hym ſtaie,

In

In yearth: then needes to hell belowe,
Pope P. muſt take his waie.

Fratres EXTRA MVNDVM.

THeſe Omnia Munda doe deſile,
with finger, taſte, and tong:
In Mundo merito thei ſaie,
thei dwell not men among.

H. STEPHANVS.

Of Auctus, a ſwilbole.

ALone to taſte, by Auctus quaſt
a bole with wine full fraught:
Ne was he yet content with this,
but aſkt an other draught.
The goblet was not waſht, he ſaied,
and bad them fill againe:
Whiche doen, he drinkes a freſhe, and letts
no drop behinde remaine.
Now that ſo muche he doeth require,
alone to taſte and trie:
How muche trowe you will he deſire,
attacht with thirſt and drie?

Of the booke whiche Vincentius Obſopœus wrote of the feat of drinkyng.

WHy doeſt the Germans teache that arte,
in whiche thei ſkilfull bee?

Why

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Why are ſo many Doctors, tell,
made ſchollers vnto thee?
Gul, bib, and bole, carouſe, and quaffe,
eche can in Germany:
Thou ſhouldſt haue taught thē (rather then)
the waie how to be drie.

Of Aulus.

What Aulus doeth I doe not aſke:
but whether of theſe twoo:
Or drinke, or ſlepe, for nothyng els
doeth Aulus vſe to doe.

Of Marcus.

TO ſlepe his ſurfet vile awaie,
Marke ſlepes out lightly halfe the daie.
Some men (the cauſe that did not knowe)
Did aſke hym why he ſleped ſo.
Quoth he, why doeth not Dauid ſaie?
Tis vanitie to riſe ere daie.

To Ancus.

THou drunken faindſt thy ſelf of late:
thou three daies after ſlepſt:
How wilt thou ſlepe (with drinke in deede)
when thou art throughly pepſt?

To a certaine drunkarde.

WHo termde thee drunkard, termde thee ill:
More drunke art thou, then drūkard ſtill.

Of

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Of Aulus.

LOoke when moſte ſober Aulus is,
moſte drunke is Aulus he.
Againe vnleſſe that he be drunke,
he ſober can not be.
For ſober ſtill he braules and braies,
he teares, and on he takes:
And like a bedlem beaſt, bothe ſande
and ſea together ſhakes.
But when that he hath quafte his fill,
no coſte at all he keepes:
But caſts hymſelf vpon his couche,
and (ſnoryng) ſoundly ſleepes.

An Epitaphe, of a notorious drunkard.

THe corps clapt faſt in clottered claie,
that here engraude doeth lye:
On death-bedde ſware, in all his life
that he but once was drie.
And (ſurely) thou mayſt credite hym
for that whiche he did ſaie:
For all the whyle his life did laſt,
he thirſtie was alwaie.

To Pontifer.

A Springall thou (in prime of yeres)
a beldame old doeſt wedde:

A

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A toothleſſe, tough, old Mumphima,
with quyuerynge palſey ſpedde.
Thou thoughtſt thy pelfe and poked pence,
by this deuice to ſpare:
Thou thoughtſt a maide would eate to much
and make thy bouget bare.
Thou art deceiude: by this deuiſe
naught ſhalt thou ſaue: I thinke
Yong maides thei will not eate ſo muche,
as aged trotts will drinke.

Of a Iade moſt vile and peſtilent.

HArde yron ſpurres no more eſtemes,
this dull and blockiſhe Iade:
Then ſpurres of woole, or ſilken ſpurres,
as ſofte as can be made.

Againe.

THis Iade doeth ſeme no more to feele,
the prickyng of a ſpurre:
Then doeth a ſtone, or member dedde,
the whiche maie nothyng ſturre.

Againe.

THe ſpurre that cuttes and gores the guts
no more doeth he regard:
Then ſturdie ſtith, where beates the Smith,
the batteryng hammer harde.

Againe.

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By ſtickyng ſpurre doeſt ſeke to ſturre
thy ſteede that will not ſtere:
Thou goeſt about to tell a tale,
to hym that can not heare.

Againe.

Spare ſpare to ſpurre it nought auailes:
Spurres ſerue for other horſe:
Kicke, pricke, ſpurne, ſpur: pinche, pūch and
thou ſhalt not ſtirre a corſe. (panche

Againe.

This blockiſhe beaſte, as ſone as he
of any man is eſpide:
Straitwaies he saieth, behold an Aſſe,
truſt vp in horſes hide.

Againe.

So ſlowly goes this mopiſhe Jade,
(whereon you vſe to ride)
As hard and ſkant of Linx hym ſelf,
his mouyng maie be eſpide.

Againe.

If ſluggiſhe ſloth had euer ſonne or child:
This ſame is he, vnleſſe I be beguild.

Againe.

Euen looke how muche the Harte excelles
the Aſſe to runne a race:

So

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So muche this horſe of euery horſe
beſide is paſte in pace.

Againe.

HE ſemes as he were ſtill a ſlepe:
it maie be ſo he ſlepes
As doeth the Hare, who ſlepyng ſtill,
his eyes brode open kepes.

Againe.

CUt out this curſed Cabals cods
betyme, if you doe well:
What will his offpryng be, but euen
a very plague of hell.

Againe.

WHat ſhall we do with this ſame beaſt?
how ſhall we vſe hym, tell?
Hym ſerue as Flaccus alle was ſerud,
and ſo you ſerue hym well.

OVT OF THE POEMES OF M. GVALTER HADDON.

The way to liue well.

IF thou wilt leade a godly life,
and not from vertue ſwerue:
Be wary wiſe, and alwaies theſe
ſixe thinges in minde obſerue.

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1 Remember firſt the Lorde thy God,
whiche thee of nought did make:
2 Next mind thou Sathan ſerpent flye,
that ſeekes thy ſoule to take.
3 Next mind the ſhortnes of this life,
that fadeth like a flower:
4 Next mynd thy graue, continually
which gapes thee to deuour.
5 Next mind thou gladſome Joyes of heauen:
6 next laſtyng plagues of hell:
And ſo an ende: minde theſe, and thou
canſt neuer liue but well.

Precepts of wedlocke.

The huſbands requeſts.

My wife, if thou regard mine eaſe:
Praye to the Lord: hym praiſe & pleaſe.
Diſpleaſe not mee (for any thyng)
Care how thy children vp to bring:
Let ſtill thyne houſe be neat and fine:
Alwaies prouide for children thine:
Be merry, but with modeſtie,
Leſt ſome men blame thine honeſtie:
Let manners thine be pleaſant ſtill:
With Iackes yet doe not play the gyll.
Go in thy garments ſoberly,
Let no ſpot be thereon to ſpie.
Be merry when that I am merry:

When

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When I lowre, ſing not thou Hey derry.
The man that lyked is of mee,
Let hym likewiſe be likt of thee.
That which I ſay in company,
See thou reſell not openly.
If ought I ſpeake that likes not thee,
Thereof in ſecret moniſh mee.
What ſo in ſecret I thee tell
Reueale not, but conceale it well. (warme
Thinke not ſtraunge Wiues doe make mee
When I thee hurt, ſhew mee thy harme.
Confeſſe when ſo thou doſt offend:
Chide not to bedward when we wend.
Sleep ſlightly: riſe betyme, and praye:
When thou art dreſt, to worke away.
Beleue not all thing that is ſaide:
Speake little (as beſeemes a mayde)
In preſence mine diſpute thou not:
Reply not: chat muſt be forgot.
The honeſt do aſſociate ſtill:
Loth liuyng with the lewd and ill.
Let lewdnes none thy life affoord:
Be alwaies true of tongue and woord:
Let ſhameſaſtnes thy miſtres bee:
Do theſe, and wife come cull with mee.

The wiues aunſwere.

HUſband, if thou wilt pure appeare,
(Euen as thy ſelf) then holde mee dear.

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So ſhalt thou pleaſe Iehoue deuine,
So ſhalt thou make mee noꝛriſhe mine.
See that our houſe wherein we dwell
Be hanſome, holſome, walled well.
And let vs haue what vſe requires:
Make ſeruantes ſweat at wooꝛke, not fires.
See that thy ſpeech be mild and meeke.
Of froward frumps be ſtill to ſeeke.
If thou wilt haue mee do foꝛ thee,
Then ſee thou likewiſe do foꝛ mee.
If thou on thy frends do beſtowe,
Be liberall to my frends alſo.
Foꝛ ſeruants thine keepe tauntyngs tart,
Admoniſhe gently mee aparte.
And when in ſpoꝛt ſome tyme I ſpend,
Do thou not ſharply repꝛehend.
And when I ioy with thee to ieſt,
In angrie moode, do not moleſt.
Tis not enuffe, that I loue thee:
But ſometime thou muſt make of mee.
If I ſhall not of thee be ielowes,
See thou cleaue not to many fellowes.
Though thou haſt toyled out the daye
At night be merry yet alwaye.
Vſe neuer muche abꝛoad to come:
But ſtill keepe cloſe with mee at home.
Thou ſaidſt muche, when thou waſt an woer,
Now (we are coupled) be a doer.

Penelo-

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Penelope if I ſhalbe,
Then be Vliſſes vnto me.

Deſire not to obtaine, that whiche thou canſt not gaine.

HE that will chooſe a wretch to be,
A very wretche indeed is he:
Then he that goods deſires to gaine
Which by no meanes he may obtaine
A very wretch indeede is he:
For he doth chooſe a wretche to be.

BY VERTVE NOT VIGOVR.

WInne euen the wayward Vertue will,
and Vertue maketh willyng ſtill.
Force furious fomyng fighteth fearce:
But Vertue doth with reſon pearce.
In body Force his ſeate doth finde,
Vertue triumpheth ſtill in minde.
Force maketh men like beaſts to be,
But Vertue maketh men we ſee.
Wherefore rude boyſterous Force fare well,
For Vertue braue ſhall beare the bell.
Let Force to Vertue bow and bend:
Or Miſtres on the Mayde attende.

How euery age is enclined.

THe Babe (deuoyde of wit and ſence)
In Cradle ſtill doth crie:

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The Lad by lightnes lewd doth loose
his tyme, and runnes awrye.
From 12. to 21. Youth
runnes rashly on his race:
The Lustie Youth to lawles luste
and riot runnes apace.
The Man still hunts for honours hie:
the Senior serious seekes
For wealth and coyne: glad when into
his pragged purse he peekes.

A noble dame: *I hide her name.*

FOr vilage thou art Venus right:
Pallas for flowing braine:
To finger fine the Harp or Lute
Apollo thou dost staine.
Mercurius rules thy filed speache,
thy manners Cynthia chast:
O gallant goddesse: Iuno meet
with Ioue for to be plast.

Of the Queenes Picture.

O Pitty great alas to see,
that Vertue shinyng so
With Bewtie braue, must forced be
at last away to go.

Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, somtyme Archbishop of Canterbury.

Well

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WEll learned, and well liued too,
good Cranmer wast thou sure:
Faire lucky times and lowryng both,
God made thee to endure.

Of his owne picture.

(FOole as thou art) what dost thou mean,
thy sadyng forme to drawe?
A newe face, or els no face, thou
shalt haue to morrow, daw.

Of the picture of the most excellent Dame A. H.

FOr prudencie, a precious pearle:
for face, a famous dame:
In fine this peece in euery pointe,
deserueth laude and fame.

To his Bed.

MY bed, the rest of all my cares,
the ende of toilyng paine:
Whiche bryngest ease and sollace sweete,
while darknesse doeth remaine.
My bedde, yelde to me slumber swete,
and trifling dreames repell:
Cause carkyng care from sobbyng breast
to part, where it doeth dwell.
All mockeries of this wretched worlde,
put cleane from out my mynde:
Doe these my bedde: and then by thee,
M.b. muche

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muche comfort ſhall I finde.

An Aunſwere.

THat I maie be a reſt of cares,
an ende of toylyng paine:
See ſtomacke thyne be not ſurchargde,
when ſlepe thou wouldeſt gaine.
If ſugred ſlepe (deuoide of dreames)
thou likeſt to enioye:
Then liue with little: and beware,
no cares thy hedde anoye.
And laſtly deme thy fethered bedde,
alwaies thy graſpyng graue:
So reſt by me thou ſhalt obtaine,
and eke muche comfort haue.

An Epitapthe vpon the death of Sir IHON CHEKE.

THe maiſter of good maners milde,
the gliſteryng lampe of ſkill:
Dame Natures golden worke houſe rare,
now death hath rid from ill.
Ah noble ſir Ihon Cheke is hedde,
whiche ſtedfaſt ſtill did ſtande
Not one to many, but to all:
the lanterne of this lande.
The gem of this our Engliſhe ſoile:
fell death that riddeth all
So riche a iewell neuer tooke,
nor take hereafter ſhall.

IHON

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IHON PARKHVRST,
late Biſhop of NORWICH.

To the Reader.

WHē reader thou doeſt read this booke,
With frownyng forhed doe not looke:
For Cato *curſte, nor* Curius,
Nor frownyng ſowre Heraclitus,
Theſe are not made: but if thei bende
Their eyes to ſee what here is pende:
Suche toyes thei ſhall bee ſure to finde
As will refreſhe the meſtfull minde.

To Torpetus.

THy wife Torpetus brings thee naught:
Thou muſeſt what ſhould let:
Muſe not: how cā ſhe bring thee aught
When thou canſt naught beget.

An Epitaph vpon the death of a Couetous Miſer.

AN yearthly wight in yearth,
I ſtudied yearthly thyngs:
Euen like a Moldiwarpe,
to yearth whiche alwaies clings.
Now yearthly bodie myne,

in

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In yearth with wormes doeth bide:
But synfull soule (alas)
to Limbo doune doeth slide.
Wastarer hence departe,
take heede, be warnde by me:
Remember heauenly thyngs,
caste yearthly thyngs from thee.

Of Robin Bartlet fallyng into the handes of Theues.

BArtlet a pleasaunt sconse, whose mirthe
all men did muche delight:
Ridyng towards London on a tyme,
amongest Theues did light.
When thei had robbe hym of his coine,
quoth one (among the reste)
My maisters let vs cutte his throte,
for feare we be expreste.
Then Bartlet aunswered pleasauntly,
(naie doe not serue me so)
My maisters if you cutte my throte,
how shall my drinke doune go.
At this the Theues gan laugh apace,
and from hym went their waie:
So fillie Bartlet saude his life,
although his purse did paie.

Against Battus, an euell Singer.

While

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WHile Battus ſynges, he would be thought
ſuche one as well could doe:
So would the birde that Cucko cries:
ſo would the Nightcrowe to.

To Ihon Foxe.

SIth that thy life is ſpotleſſe pure,
deuoide of fraude and blame:
I maruell why of craftie Foxe,
my Foxe thou hadſt the name.

Of an old trot Perſephone, and
Pyllio a yongſter.

PErſephone a beldame, hath
an houſe wherein to dwell:
Yong Pyllio needs muſt marrie her,
he ſaies he loues her well.
Now Pyllio ſhe doeth like of life,
and he doeth ſet greate ſtore
By her faire houſe: what weds he her?
no ſure: her houſe therefore.

To Marcellinus.

SOmetyme thou wilt haue wealthe
to vſe: and ſometyme not.
Sure either thou art to muche wiſe,
or els to muche a ſot.

Againſt Boſſus, a Prieſte.

We

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WE muſt not touche a woman, we,
thus Boſſus ſtill doeth ſaie:
We muſt continually (ſaieth he)
ſerue God bothe night and daie.
But Boſſus by his leaue doeth lye:
thei touche and touche againe:
Or els ſomany baldpate prieſts,
could neuer ſires remaine.

Of Lupercus.

A Fruitfull wenche God ſende me, ſaied
Lupercus when I wedde:
I hate (ſaied he) theſe barren dames,
that neuer will be ſpedde.
He married Frances at the laſt,
and ſo he had his praier:
The next daie after thei were linkt,
ſhe brought hym forthe a paire.

Of Molzus that caſte his
wife into the Sea.

WHat tyme a troublous tempeſt roſe,
and toſt the tumblyng Seas:
Eche one threwe in his heuieſt ſtuffe,
the loaded barke to eaſe.
But Molzus (one emong the reſt)
caſte in his wife, and ſaied,
Naught heauier than a ſkoldyng wife,
I deme there can be waied.

Of

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Of Lollus and Cæciliana, man and wife.

SEldome doth Lollus dyne at home,
and not againſt his will:
And that he ſeld may dine at home,
Cæcilian wiſheth ſtill.
Seldome doth Lollus ſup at home,
and not againſt his will:
And that he ſeld may ſup at home,
Cæcilian wiſheth ſtill.
Seldome doth Lollus ſleepe at home,
and not againſt his will:
And that he ſeld may ſleepe at home,
Cæcilian wiſheth ſtill.
Seldome ſpeakes Lollus with his wife,
and not againſt his will:
And that he may but ſeldome ſpeake,
Cæcilian wiſheth ſtill.
Seldome doth Lollus kiſſe his wife,
and not againſt his will:
And that he may but ſeld her kiſſe,
Cæcilian wiſheth ſtill.
Seldome lyes Lollus with his wife,
and not againſt his will:
And that he may ſeld lye with her,
Cæcilian wiſheth ſtill.
Lollus doth loue anothers wife,
and not againſt his will:

And

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And for to haue another man
Cæcilian wisheth still.
O what a pallyng concord is,
betwene this man and wife?
What so the one of them doth loue,
the other likes of life.

To Sixtus.

A Fair wife thou hast married, this
doth please thee Sixtus well:
A shrew thou married hast, doth this
well please the Sixtus, tell?

Of a certain Duke, and Robin Bartlet.

A Certen Duke with Bartlet chafte,
said, leaue you knaue to scoffe
And mend your manners, or I sweare,
thy head shalbe cut of.
Quoth Bartlet, God forbid, that were
to me vnhappie hap:
If that my head were gone (quoth he)
where should I set my cap.
At this the Duke gan laugh a pace,
and set his hart at rest:
Thus all the broile and anger great,
was turned to a Jest.

To Alexander Nowell.

GReat Alexander all the world
did in subiection bringe:

Rude

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Rude barbarous people thou doſt tame:
thou doſt a greater thing.

To Candidus.

PDore Proclus Martha tooke to wife,
of lofty Linnage hie:
She was not Candidus his wife,
but miſtres his perdie.

Of certaine faire maydens plaiyng with Snowe.

YOu virgins fairer then the Showe
wherwith you ſport and play:
The Snowe is white, and you are bright,
now marke what I ſhall ſay.
The Snowe betweene your fingers fades
and melteth quight away:
So gliſteryng gleames of bewties blaze
in time ſhall ſone decay.

To Hallus.

HAllus thine aking tooth makes thee
that thou canſt reſt no night:
With good tongue (Hallus) licke thy tooth
and paine will vaniſhe quight.

In quendam.

THou likſt ill men, ill men thee laude.
ſo Mules of mules are ſcrapt and clawd.

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To a certayne Draper.

MEn many Draper deeme,
thou doſt abound with ſtooze:
Thy Noſe is pzecious, full of pearles,
Draper, canſt thou bee pooze?

Againſt Boſſus.

ALL Pzeiſts muſt gelded be,
thus ſaiſt thou Boſſus ſtill:
They muſt be gelded ſure thou ſaiſt,
the ſcripture ſo doth will.
If Boſſus thou hadſt gealt thy ſelfe,
and ſtones of thine cut out:
So many baſtard bzats of thine,
had not bene bozne about.

Of Attus.

IF Attus face thou doe beholde,
a good man he will ſeeme:
But if thou doe beholde the reſt,
ill then thou wilt him deeme.

To papiſticall Prelats.

WHy doubt you dottrell pzieſts as yet,
chaſte honeſt wiues to wedde?
Wedlocke is good, and pleaſeth God,
adulterie muſt be fledde.

Of the Lady Iane Gray.

Doeſt

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DOeſt muſe with ſkill of Grecian tongue,
how Ladie Iane was fraight?
As ſone as euer ſhe wan borne,
ſhe was a Grecian ſtraite.

Graia beyng her ſurname in Laten, ſignifieth a Grecian.

Againſt Colte, a coltiſh Preiſt.

SIth Colt thou plaieſt the Colt, to kille,
before the face of men:
When no man ſees thee Colt (I muſe)
the Colt how plaieſt thou then?

Of Holus a Souldier beyng lame.

OF Holus I did aſke, wherefore,
limpyng to warre he went:
Tuſhe aunſwerde he, though lims be lame,
my mynde to fight is bent.

To Ihon Gibbon.

DIſſolue this darke Ænigme,
my Gibbon if you can:
You ſhalbe reckned Oedipus,
a cunnyng ſkilfull man.
This is my riddle darke:
no Woulues in Englande are,
Yet Englande harboures ſtore of Woulues:
how can this be declare?

Againſt Alanus.

THou loueſt Doggs,
Doggs doeſt thou feede:

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But thou doeſt hate
thy wife in deede.
Thou chideſt her,
her doeſt thou beate:
Her thou doeſt ſpurne,
her thou doeſt threate:
And ſtill with her
thou art at ſtrife:
Better to be
thy Dog then wife.

Of Diogenes.

QVoth one vnto Diogenes,
what ſhall I giue to thee
And let me giue thy hedde a boxe:
an helmet aunſwered he.

Againſt Fridolinus.

AThaſt like beſt beſemes a prieſt,
thou Fridolin doeſt ſaie:
But whence haſt thou thy ladds and girls,
now Fridolin bewraie?

Of ROBIN BARTLET, fainyng hymſelf deafe to get lodgyng, beyng on a tyme benighted.

WHen doune Dan Phebus gan to ducke,
and ſhroude hym in the Weſt:
When darkſome night approched faſt,
and

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and all did ſilent reſt.
When Æolus kyng with puffed chekes,
gan blowe and bluſter fearce:
When daſhyng ſhowers doune dingyng faſt
bothe man and beaſt did pearce.
When firie flakes, and lightnyng leames,
gan flaſhe from out the ſkies:
When ſtiffe, ſtrōg, ſtruglyng, ſturdie ſtorms,
began for to ariſe.
All in this hurly burly greate,
it chaunced ſo perdie:
That merrie Bartlet was abroade,
deuoyde of companie.
In ridyng he had loſt his waie,
in greate diſtreſſe was he:
For poſtyng here and there, he could
no toune nor village ſe.
But he that lookes at laſt ſhall finde,
ſo he by Fortune ſawe
At laſte a ſimple cottage poore,
all homely thatcht with Strawe.
His hands he heaues to heauen on high,
and thankes with harte and voyce
His God that gaue hym this good hap,
and greatly did reioyce.
He commeth to this cabbin courſe,
and knocketh at the doore:
And ſtraite with humble ſute and mone,

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for helpe he doeth implore.
If any wife dwell here (quoth he)
that honeſtie doeth loue:
Let this my piteous perrying plaint,
her mynde to mercie moue.
Then loe the goodwife of the houſe,
(whoſe name did Florence hight)
Came to the dooꝛe, and ſpake vnto
pooꝛe Barrlet wofull wight.
Awaie quoth ſhe, what ere thou be,
be ſure thou comſt not here:
So late thou wandꝛeſt in the night,
thou art a theef I feare.
Be packyng while your bone be whole:
I thanke you Bartlet ſaied:
(And faind hym ſelf for to be deafe)
I thanke you for your aide.
Maie hoꝛſe of myne haue roume (quoth he)
here likewiſe to remaine?
No no quoth ſhe: I thanke you ſure,
ſaied Bartlet here againe,
And went to Stable with his hoꝛſe:
at laſt he did her win
(By thankes and gentle woꝛdes) to ope
the doꝛe, and let him in.
All that ſame night he ſnoꝛtyng ſlept,
faſt by the fier ſide:
And all his garments ſowſt with raine,

by

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by ſmokyng ſier he dyde.
When faire Aurora at the laſt,
began for to appeare:
And bright Apollo with his beames,
began to gliſter cleare.
Dame Florence ſtarteth vp from bed,
and ſone ſhe ſlippeth on
Her petticote: and fetchyng wood,
ſhe maketh fire anone.
She deeming Bartlet faſt a ſleepe,
eke deaf, a fart let flee:
God morrow dame (quoth Bartlet ſtraight)
what ſpeake you vnto mee?
Quoth Florence what? and can you heare?
now ſure I Joy therfore:
I ſee my taile hath made you heare,
whiche could not heare before.

Of Cælia, and her ſonne, now redie to dye.

When Cælia (ſad and ſorrowfull)
her ſonne ſore ſicke did ſee:
Now when his breath began to faile,
with blubberyng teares ſaid ſhe
O my ſweet ſonne, ere life be donne,
ſpeake one ſweet word to mee:
But one ſweet word, my ſweet ſweet ſonne,
I doe requeſt of thee:

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The ſonne now glyyng vp the ghoſt,
as breath away gan paſſe:
Cried, honny, honny, mother mine,
(ſweet hony) ah alas.
And ſoundyng ſo theſe ſugred woords,
he dyed by and by:
And chereſull thus vnto the heauens,
his ſoule ſoard ſwift on hye.

Of Editha, trauelyng in child-bed.

When as a new borne bleſſed babe,
Editha ſooth had brought:
The women ſayd he was as like,
his ſire as might be thought.
What is his crowne balde (bare of heare)
I pray you ſhow, ſaid ſhe:
And thus Editha ſignified,
a Preiſt the ſire to be.

Of a certaine Biſhop, and his
foole Philibert.

A Certen Prelat kept a foole,
to make hym game and ſport:
This foole hight Philibert: his lord
did loue him in ſuche ſort
That he would let hym lye with hym,
in bed whereas he lay:
Not ſide by ſide, but at his feet
this foole did couche alway.

One

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One night the Bishop had his trull,
in bed with him to lye:
The foole was waking, and by hap,
fower leggs he felt hym by:
Ho maister (quoth the foole) I feele
fower leggs: whose be they, thyne?
Yea (quoth his master) Philibert
those leggs they all be mine.
Then Philibert straight starting vp,
vnto the windowe hyes.
And (puttyng out his noddyes nole)
with Stentors voyce he cries
Monstrum horrendum come and see,
all men, both yong and old:
My master that had twoo feet erst
Hath fower now to beholde.

Against Claudia.

A Virgin thou wilt called be,
a virgin counted eake:
And still in praise of virgins pure,
still Claudia thou dost speake:
But why dost thou praise virgins so?
thy selfe no virgin art:
For thou didst bear a virgin late,
which was no virgins part.

To a certaine frend.

A Kercher thou dost weare: head ache
doth not torment thee rise:

M.b. Nor

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Nor ſickneſs: ſurely thou haſt felt,
the Diſtaffe of thy wife.

Of an egregious drunkard.

A Drunkard greate did fall into
a feruent feuer ſore:
Whereby he felt a greater thirſt,
then earſt he did before.
He ſendeth for Phiſitions ſtraite:
vnto hym thei doe giue
Bothe for to cure his feuer, and
his thirſt awaie to driue.
To whom the pained partie ſpake:
Phiſitions, onely ſee
That you my feuer cure, my thirſt
leaue that to cure for me.

To certaine proude Papiſticall perſones.

SOme men doe call you holie men:
and ſome againe doe chuſe
To call you Fathers: glad are you
when thei ſuche titles vſe.
But holie I can not you call,
whiche holineſſe diſdaine:
But fathers I maie call you well,
for brats you get amaine.

To Pope Paulus. 2.

Thou

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THou needſt not Rome for to requeſt,
of Paul his ſtones to ſhowe:
He hath begot a daughter la te,
he is a man I trowe.

Of Pope Ione the 8. and of the maner of makyng the Pope.

POpe Ione in manes apparell went,
and faind her ſelf a manne:
And by this ſtraunge diſguiſyng, ſhe
at laſt the Popedome wanne.
At laſt ſhe plaied a pluiſhe part,
and let her ſeruaunt ride
In ſaddle hers: ſhe trauailed,
brought forthe her child, and died.
When as the Carnals (Cardinalls
I would ſaie if I could)
When thei perceiude this filthy facte,
thei all agreed none ſhould
Be Pope created after that,
vnleſſe he had his ſtones:
Thei would not haue y Popedome ſtaynde,
with any more Pope Ione.
But now adaies at Rome we ſee,
this cuſtome waxeth colde:
What is the cauſe thei grope not now,
as thei were wont of olde?
The cauſe is, now thei knowe before,
that

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that thei are men in deede:
For now in euery corner ſwarme
their whores, and baſtarde breede.

Of Lucretia whiche was daughter
and wife to Pope Alex. 6.

WHat makeſt thou Lucretia,
with thaſt Lucretias name?
Thou art an other Thais, thou,
an other Lais dame.

Of Nodoſius, a Papiſt.

AT pointed ſeaſons ſtill,
Nodoſius doeth refraine
From eatyng fleſhe: and yet from fleſhe,
no daie he doeth abſtaine.
Doeſt aſke how this maie be?
I will explane the caſe:
Dedde fleſhe miſſlikes Nodoſius, but
liue fleſhe he doeth embrace.

Of a certaine yongman, and
a toothleſſe ſire.

A Yongman and an aged ſire,
at Tauerne drinkyng ſate:
At laſt (well whitled bothe with wine)
thei fell at greate debate.
And ſtriude aboute a thyng of nought:
the yongman all in yre

Burſt

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Burſt out and ſaied, turde in thy teeth,
old crooked crabbed ſire.
The old man pleaſauntly replide:
turde in his teeth (quoth he)
That hath teeth: I haue none at all,
beholde, and thou ſhalt ſe.
And ſo he ſhewed his naked gummes,
where no teeth did remaine:
And thus the ſtrife and greate debate,
did ceaſſe betwene them twaine.

To a proude princox.

WHy art thou proude? ſtoute poutyng pride
from heauenly ioyes on hie
Doune hedlong tumbled Lucifer,
in Limbo lowe to lie.

To Pigmenius.

THou wealthie haſt bothe houſe and lande,
Eke thou the Lawe doeſt vnderſtande.
By booke and crooke thou catcheſt ſtill,
In cuſnyng craft thou haſt greate ſkill.
Thy fingers to can filche full faſte,
(For all theſe) yet no coine thou haſte.
How commeth it to paſſe wouldſt knowe?
The ſpeckled bones ofte thou doeſt throwe.

Of Cotilus a Prieſt.

NO maydes loues Cotilus: old wiues
he loues (as all may ſee)

What

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What is ꝑ cauſe? maides bring footh brats,
old wiues ſtill barren be.

Againſt Huberdine, an old dottrell and peuiſh Preacher.

Who preacheth naught but trifling toyes,
vnto the people ſtill:
A prating preacher may be calde,
deuoyde of wit and ſkill.

To Ruffina. *He playeth the woer for a frend of his, of perſon as pretty as a* Pigmey.

Diſpiſe not this thy ſuter ſmall,
that loues thee as his life:
And thee deſires Ruffina faire,
to be his ſpouſe and wife.
In bodies deft of dapper Dicks
great vertue ofte doth dwell:
Perchaunce in bed thou ſhalt hym proue
a man, I can not tell.

Of the vnſatiable couetouſnes of this worlde.

A Golden great vngodly world,
this may be counted well:
Each man loues gold: but godlines,
who loues I can not tell.

To Pontiana, a mayd ſo called.

Snowe helde vnto the fire doeth melt,
and ceaſeth Snowe to bee:

So

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So Pontiana periſhe thoſe,
that burne in loue with thee.

To Claudia.

OF late thine heares were black, but now
thei ſhine, gold like vnto:
With any Painter fine of late,
tell, haddeſt thou to doe?

Of Antonina.

IN boſome hers, a dapper Dogge,
ſtill Antonina beares:
She lulles hym, culles hym, louyngly
ſhe luggs hym by the eares.
She would not miſſe her ſilkyng curre,
for any thyng: and why?
Forſothe when ſo ſhe letts a ſcape,
ſhe cries me, fie curre, fie.

To Ihon Cullier.

LIke dombe dog Hennus neuer barkes,
all preachyng he doeth ſhunne:
And yet thou laieſt his dutie ſtill,
by hym is duely doon.
He drinks, he hunts, he hunteth whores,
he ſmacks: how laieſt thou? tell?
Doeth he his duetie due? doeth he
performe his function well?

Of Glaurus an old dotyng Prieſt.

Glaurus

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GLaurus is crooked, all for age:
he ſtill prepares to dye:
Yet Glaurus hath a prettie wench,
at home with hym to lye.

To Hermannus Mennus.

POore haue I been, and poore I am,
and poore ſtill ſhall I bee:
And Mennus loe, the cauſe I will,
declare and ſhewe to thee.

Martial. *If poore thou be* Æmilian,
thou ſhalt be poore alwaies:
For none but wealthy worldlyngs are,
enriched now adaies.

Of Clytus.

ON Saterdaie no fleſhe,
will Clytus eate perdie:
But for to ſteale an horſe,
on Sunday he will hie.

This Monoſtichon here followyng, was written vpon the gate of the Moneſtarie of the *Benedictines*, or blacke Monkes.

HIc intret nullus, niſi pullus ſit ſibi Cullus.
No maner wight, ſhall enter here:
Unleſſe blacke hoode on backe he beare.
Barbara vox Cullus: pro qua ponēda Latina eſt
Et

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Et poterit carmen forſitan eſſe bonum.
Cullus is ſure a barbarous woorde,
ſkant Latine for an whood:
To Culus Cullus therefore chaunge,
ſo maie the verſe be good.
Hic intret nullus, niſi pullus ſit ſibi Culus.
No maner wight ſhall enter here:
Unleſſe he blacke be, you wot where.

Of the aunſwere of a foole
to a certaine Duke.

VNto the pallace of the Poope,
there came a Duke of late:
The Popes foole chaunſt to mete the Duke
before the pallace gate:
Where is thy maſter quoth the Duke?
not farre the foole gan laie:
For but euen verie now his grace,
was with his whore at plaie.

Of Rob. Bartlet, and of one that had a foule
byg noſe, and a precious (as
they terme it.)

BY fortune merry Bartlet ſaw
a man with monſtrous Noſe:
Beſet with Rubies riche: his minde
thus Bartlet gan diſcloſe.
Goodfellow, frend, (quoth Bartlet) when
wait thou with goldſmith tell?

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The other muſing ſtayd, and knew
not what to aunſwere well.
I alke (quoth Bartlet) for becauſe
he coſened thee I ſee:
He for a golden noſe hath giuen
a copper noſe to thee.

The Louer.

WHo more a wretch then he
whom loue tormenteth ſore?
With ſcorchyng heate of Cupids coales
he burneth euermore.

Of Loue.

LOue is for to be liked, if
both loue (ſo as they ought)
But where one loues, the other lothes,
there loue is vile and nought.

To Hordenus.

IMarrige mind: thou mockeſt mee
as muche as may be thought.
If whores I both ſhould hunt and haunt
what wouldſt thou then ſay? nought.

Of Alphus.

NO egge on friday Alphe will eate,
but drunken he will be
On friday ſtill: O what a pure
religious man is he.

Of

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Of him that is in debt.

WHo owes much mony, ſtill
he ſhunns all company:
And is like to an owle
That in the night doth flye.

To Ponticus.

DOſt aſke why (Ponticus) I call
thee not to ſupper mine.
The cauſe is this: thou call'ſt mee not
hog Ponticus to thyne.

To Minſiger.

AS poore as Irus once thou wak't,
but now thou doſt abound
With wealth and ſtore: by marriage thyne,
great plenty haſt thou found.
But now thy wife is dead, thy coyne
thou laſheſt out amayne:
Spare Minſiger leſt thou become
as Irus poore againe.

Of Squyre, *an old man flewmatike.*

SQuyre ſeld or neuer Oyſters buyes,
Squyre eate no oyſters will:
Yet notwithſtandyng Squyre ſpits out
and ſpawleth oyſters ſtill.

Of Cotta.

AN whore hath Cotta to his wife,
he knowes it, and he ſayes:

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One Lampe ſufficient is to light
ten men and ten alwayes.

N. NOMAN To B. Bonner.

ALL men a noughty Biſhop did thee call:
I ſay thou wall the beſt of Biſhops all.

To a certaine Papiſt.

IT ill beſeemeth preiſtes to wed
thus Papiſt thou doſt ſay:
What well beſeemes them (then declare)
with whores to ſport and play?

To a wife, whiche ſet a pot full of flowers in her windowe.

TO make a fragrant ſauour ſweet,
in windowe thou doſt ſet
Freſhe flowers, and for to make them grow,
thou ſtinkyng mier doſt get:
Wife, caſt the mier away, or herbs,
or both I thee deſire:
The flowers they doe not ſmell ſo well,
as ill doth ſtinke the mire.

Of a counterfet Diuell.

BLaſtus a cunnyng Painter, (that
Apelles paſt in ſkill:)
Did paint the Diuell in this wiſe,
in forme and faſhion ill.

Monſtrous

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Monſtrous, deformed to beholde,
fierce, blacke, and horrible:
Dauntyng the harts of men with dread,
and feare moſte terrible.
His eyes did ſhine like ſparklyng fire,
all bloode and blaſing bright:
His ſnout was ſtretched forth, his taile
was long, and blacke to ſight.
His chappes were great, and galping wide,
all ready to deuoure:
With long doune dangling iagged beard,
he looked grim and ſower.
His hornes were like vnto the Moone,
that gliſters in the night:
His pawes were like fell Harpeyes pawes,
that ſcratch and teare out quight.
In right hand ſtones he clinched faſt,
in lefte he held a booke:
And eake a payr of beades he had,
whereon to praie and looke.
His outwarde garments all were blacke,
euen ſuche they were to eye
As mopiſhe Monkes, and fooliſh Friers,
did weare moſt commonly.
A Monke came by (by chaunce) and ſawe
the Picture ſet to ſhowe:
Ho where is Blaſtus ſaide the Monke?
is he at home or no?

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Ymarry Blaſtus anſwered,
what is your will with me?
The Diuelles picture will you buy?
perchaunce I will ſaid he.
But tell mee Blaſtus ſaid the Monke,
why is he made ſo fell?
I like hym not in ſome reſpectes,
in ſome yet woondrous well.
Wherefore now breefly Blaſtus ſhow
(in fewe declare to mee)
Why thou haſt made hym in ſuche ſort,
as here I doe hym ſee?
Then Blaſtus anſwered (and ſaid)
if that you doe not knowe
The cauſes why I made him thus,
the cauſes I will ſhowe.
Well (quoth the Monke) then tell mee firſt,
why didſt thou make hym blacke?
Quoth Blaſtus, for becauſe that he,
doth faire conditions lacke.
Quoth Monke, why is his beard vnkemd,
and danglyng downe ſo lowe?
Quoth Blaſtus, for becauſe he was,
an Hermit long ago.
Why quoth the Monke hath he a tayle?
he moues to Lechery:
Why hath he crooked cruell clawes?
he loues to catche perdie.

Why

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Why in his right hand holds he ſtones?
with ſtones Chriſt tempted he:
What booke in lefte hand doth he hold?
Popes holy lawes they be.
Why are ſuche hornes fixt on his front?
like Moſes he in this:
(Yet godly Moſes he doth hate,
this ſure and certen is.)
Why is he picturde like a Monke?
he monkery did deuiſe:
Monkes miſcheuous he firſt brought foorth,
and noughtie Nonnes likewiſe.
The Monke no longer now forebeares,
but for a cudgell feeles:
And Blaſtus to auoide the blowes,
ſtraight takes hym to his heeles.
The purſie Monke purſues him faſt,
and takes him by the heare:
And all to thumpes him with his fiſte,
his nailes his face doth teare.
Better prouoke the fend hymſelf,
then monke that ragyng raues:
Poore Blaſtus did not know that Monkes,
were vile and teſtie knaues.

An Epitaphe vpon the death of KYNG EDVVARD the 6.

When EDVVARD prince moſt excellent,
fell cankered death did kill:

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When God did giue him place in heauen,
with Saincts to soiourne still,
Good Kyng Iosias came to hym,
and did him fast embrace:
And said, ah welcome brother mine
to happy heauenly place.

Of Lydia.

SEuen yeares was Lydia linkt, and linde
with husband hers in deede:
And all the while poore Lydia lackt
and could no children breed.
She of Phisitions counsell askt,
their medcines wrought but dull:
Of Bossus preist she counsell askt,
and straightway she was full.

To Florianus.

THy first wife (still thou saist)
brought thee no childe at all:
But sure (thou sayst) thy second wife,
brought thee a prettie squaule.
Indeed, a brat she did thee bring,
yet none she did bring thee,
For it it named thine to be,
and yet thine not to be.

To Hærillus.

NO worke Hærillus doth, and yet
he labours euermore:

How

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How labours he? euen of the gowte,
whiche doth torment hym sore.

Of Hassus.

I Did demaund of Hassus, how
his wife (sore sicke) did fare:
She will come shortly well abroade
(quoth he) I take no care.
Now (sure) who would not Hassus deeme,
a Prophet true to be?
The next day after (on a Beare)
stone dead brought foorth was she.

Of Furnus a Cuckold.

MEn say that Furnus sealowes, is
as quick as Linx of sight:
And oftentymes he bleth eyes
of glasse, clere glistering bright.
Now sith that Furnus hath foure eyes,
and well decerneth still:
It makes mee muse and maruaile much
why still hee sees so ill.
His wife is wicked, wanton still:
whiche he doth neuer see:
Foole Furnus doth not see so well,
but sure as ill sees hee.

Of Pope Innocent. 8.

EYght boyes Pope Nocent did beget,
as many maides in all:

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O Rome, moſt iuſtly maiſt thou ſure
this Pope a father call.

Of Alexander 6. and his daughter Lucretia.

NO gelding Alexander was:
now doſt thou aſke mee why?
Lewd Lucrece was his daughter, and
his wife with him to lye.

Againſt Claudia.

TWo kiſſes Boſſus aſkt of thee,
when I in preſence was:
(He would haue geuen mony to)
of him thou didſt not paſſe.
Thou giueſt no kiſſes openly,
cloſe thou doſt kiſſe amayne:
Of kiſſes thou to ſparing art,
to lauiſhe eke againe.

To Dauid Whitehed.

VNto mee Willobey doth write,
that Podagra the gowt
Doth paine thee ſtill: but Chiragra
doth payne thee out of dout.
The firſt remaineth in the feet,
the ſecond in the fiſte:
Thou canſt not write to mee, but go
well canſt thou, if thou liſt.

To

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To Leopoldus.

I Haue thee promiſde muche, thou ſaiſt:
what now declare to mee?
What I haue promiſd I will giue:
I nothing promiſde thee.

Againſt Gaſpus, whiche with one draught of wine or ale would be made drunke.

GAſpus, if thou wilt not be drunke
then marke what I ſhall ſay:
When as thou drinkeſt, drinke thou of
an empty cup alway.

Againſt Colt a Preiſt.

THoſe that deeme Colt hath nothing done,
they greatly are beguild:
He hath done ſomwhat, he hath plaid
the colt, and got a child.

To the Reader.

IF ſo but ſix good Epigrams,
in all my booke there be:
Then all is not pild paultrie ſtuffe,
whiche reader thou dooſt ſee.
But if ſix good thou do not finde,
refuſe then all the reſt:

And

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And let them ſerue to wipe thy tayle
if ſo thou thinke it beſt.

To the Reader.

SUfficient now, nay to to muche
I trifled haue with thee:
Farewell good reader: here an end:
no moze Ile troublous be.

Ludicra per verba res ſæpè notatur acerba.

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M. ROGER ASCHAM.

The ſentence whiche Darius Kyng of Perſia commaunded to bee engrauen on his Toumbe.

DARIVS the Kyng, lieth buried here:
Who in riding & ſhoting had neuer pere.

The graceleſſe grace of the Court.

TO laugh, to lye, to flatter, to face:
Fower waies in Coure to win mē grace.
If thou bee thrall to none of theeſe,
Away good Pekegooſe, hence Jhon Cheeſe.
Marke well my worde & marke their deede,
And thinke this verſe parte of thy Creede.

A verſe of Homer, tranſlated into Engliſhe, by M. Watſon.

ALL trauelers do gladly report great praiſe of Vlyſſes:
For that he knewe many mens maners, and ſaw many cities.

Of the herbe *Moly*, tranſlated out of Homer.

NO mortall man, w̄ ſweat of brow, or toile of minde:
But onely God, who can do al, ꝑ herbe doeth finde.

Of

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Of Newters.

NOw newe, now old, now bothe, now neither: (ther:
To ſerue the worldes courſe, thei care not w' whe=

Maſter Aſchams lamentation for the death of maſter Ihon Whitney.

MYne owne Ihon Whitney, now farewell,
now Death doeth part vs twaine:
No Death, but partyng for a while,
whom life ſhall ioyne againe.
Therefore my harte-ceaſe ſighes and ſobbes
ceaſe ſorrowes ſeede to ſowe:
Whereof no gaine, but greater greef,
and hurtfull care maie growe.
Yet when I thinke vpon ſuche guiftes,
of grace as God hym lent:
My lolle, his gaine, I muſt awhile,
with ioyfull teares lament.
Yong yeres to yeeld ſuche fruite in Courte,
where ſeede of vice is ſowne:
Is ſometyme redde, in ſome place ſeen,
amongſt vs ſeldome knowne.
His life he lead, Chriſts lore to learne,
with will to woorke the ſame:
He read to knowe, and knewe to liue,
and liude to praiſe his name.
So faſt to frende, ſo foe to fewe,

ſo

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ſo good to euery wight:
I maie well wiſhe, but ſcarſly hope,
againe to haue in ſight.
The greater ioye his life to me,
his death the greater paine:
His life in Chriſt ſo ſurely ſet,
doeth glad my harte againe.
His life ſo good, his death better,
doe mingle mirthe with care:
My ſpirite with ioye, my fleſhe with greef,
ſo deare a frende to ſpare.
Thus God the good, while thei be good,
doeth take: and leaues vs ill:
That we ſhould mende our ſynfull liues,
in life to tarry ſtill.
Thus we well left, be better reft,
in heauen to take his place,
That by like life and death, at laſt,
we maie obtaine like grace.
Myne owne Ihon Whitney againe farewell,
a whyle thus parte in twaine:
Whom pain doeth part in yearth, in heauen
greate ioye ſhall ioyne againe.

A golden ſentence out
of Heſiodus.

That man in wiſedome paſſeth all,
to knowe the beſte who hath a head:
And

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And meetly wise eke counted shall,
Who yeelds hymselfe to wise mennes read:
Who hath no witte, nor none will heare,
Among all fooles the bell maie beare.

A verse of Homer.

What follies so euer greate princes make:
The people therefore doe goe to wracke.

An excellent saiyng of Homer.

Who either in earnest or in sporte,
doeth frame hymselfe after suche sort,
This thyng to thinke, and that to tell,
my harte abhorreth as gate to hell.

A saiyng of Adrastus, out
of Euripides.

What thyng a man in tender age hath moste in vre,
That came to death alwaies to kepe he shalbe sure:
Therefore in age who greately longs good fruite to (mow:
In youth he must hym selfe apply good seede to (sowe.

FINIS.

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TRIFLES
BY TIMOTHE KENDAL
deuiſed and written (for the moſte part) at ſundrie tymes in his yong and tender age.

Tamen eſt laudanda voluntas.

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CORNELIVS
GALLVS.

Diuerſos diuerſa iuuant, non omnibus annis
omnia conueniunt, res prius apta nocet.
Exultat leuitate puer, grauitate ſenectus,
inter vtrũque manens ſtat iuuenile decus.
Hunc tacitum triſtemque decet, fit clarior ille
lætitia, & linguæ garrulitate ſuæ.

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¶THE AVTHOR TO HIS Pamphlets and Trifles.

BOrbon in France beares bell awaie,
for wryting trifles there:
In Englande Parkhurſt prayſed is,
for wryting trifles here.
Now ſith that theſe were learned bothe,
and trifles did indite:
Shall I now ſhame, of youthfull daies,
my trifling toyes to write?
No ſure I bluſhe not: hence my booke,
let all men read thy verſe:
Graue men graue matters, ſportfull youth
muſt ſportfull toyes rehearſe.
Now reader lende thy liſtning eare,
and after ſyngyng Larke:
Content thy ſelf of chattyng Crowe,
ſome homely notes to marke.

P.ii.

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The Author to hymſelf.

T To ſerue thy God, thy Prince, thy ſoile,
endeuour all thy life:
I In peace delight: ſeke ſtill to ſtaie,
the ſtormes of ſturdie ſtrife.
M Make muche of Modeſtie: be meke:
take heede to clime to hye:
O Offende not one: be true in harte:
all filthy flattery flie.
T Take tyme in tyme: tẽper thy tongue:
from filthy talke refraine:
H Helpe hapleſſe men: & hope for heauen:
by patience conquer paine:
E Eate ſo to liue, liue ſo to die,
die ſo to liue againe.

K Kepe Counſell cloſe: be faſt to frende:
and alwaies knowe thy ſelf:
E Eſteme thou laſtyng heauenly ioyes:
paſſe not for worldly pelfe. (kept,
N Naught tell, that cloſe thou wouldſt haue
greate guile in men doeth lurke:
D Delight not to deceiue by craft,
go plainly ſtill to woorke.
A Abandon vice, let vertue guide:
vile ſloth eſchue and ſhun.
L Learne ſtil to knowe, & knowe to liue,
and liue to praiſe the Sonne.
L Liue in the Lorde: ſo ſhalt thou liue
at laſt when all is doon.

A

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A Compariſon betwene CHRIST and the POPE.

TO rule & raigne in pompous Pryde,
nought cared Chriſt at all:
The Pope by wiles and wicked war
ſubdues both great and ſmall.
A Crowne of thorne with ſcratching pricks
our Chriſt did willing weare:
A triple gorgeous crowne of gold
the Pope on hed doth bear.
Chriſt waſht his poore Diſciples feet
as ſacred Scripture ſhowes:
The Pope muſt haue the regall kinges
come kiſſe his ſpangled toes.
Chriſt like a painfull Paſtor pure,
his flocke did feede and fill,
The Pope in pleaſure ſpends his tyme
and liues in riot ſtill.
Our Sauiour Chriſt endured paine
and ſuffered pinchyng want:
The greate and glorious golden worlde
the Pope ſufficeth ſcant.
With patience Chriſt the Croſſe did beare
and was content with it:
The Pope on ſhoulders borne by men
in ſolemne ſort muſt ſit.
All worldly wealth our Sauiour Chriſt

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contemd and ſet at nought:
The Pope doth burne with loue of golde
as muche as may be thought.
Our Sauiour Chriſt did tribute pay
(as Scripture mention makes)
The polyng Pope the Clergy plagues
and of them tribute takes:
The Marchaunts from the temple, Chriſt
expulſt and put away:
The Pope receiues them willingly,
and keepes them ſtill for ay.
Our Chriſt in quiet pleaſing peace
did ioy and take delight:
The Pope in blood and battle bragges
and weapons gliſteryng bright.
An humble hart, and mildenes meeke
in Chriſt did ſtill abide:
The lurly Pope doth ſwim in ſilkes
and ſwell in powtyng pride.
Our Sauiour Chriſt had ſtill his hands
all naked, plaine, and bare:
The Pope hath fingers fraught with ringes
and ſtones, both riche and rare.
Our Sauiour Chriſt regarded nought
this royſtyng rich aray:
The Pope hath maſkyng mad attire
of gold and purple gay.
Chriſt for a Colt an aſſes ſole

his

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his two diſciples ſent:
And on their homly mantels rude
to ride he was content.
The Pope on Courſer hoyſted hye
through Rome muſt pricke and iet:
Whoſe bridle braue and ſaddle ſhines
with Pearle and gold betret.
All Ordenances, ſtatutes, lawes,
that Chriſt did keepe and will:
All enery one both more and leſſe
the ſpightfull Pope doth ſpill.
Chriſt to the golden ſky aſcends
that glitteryng, glorious ſhowes:
The Pope to Pluto plunging packs
where fier with brimſtone glowes.

Written in heuines.

LIke as the wounded wight
deſires the Surgions hand:
And as the Creeple lame
deſireth legges to ſtand.
And as one farre on ſeas
for land both longes and lookes:
And as the thirſty hart
deſires the water brookes.
Euen ſo my ſoule O God,
doth long and looke for thee:
Ay mee (alas) when ſhall I come
my Sauiour ſweet to ſee?

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An old verſe.

Quod ſibi quiſque ſerit: præſentis tempore vitæ:
Hoc ſibi meſſis erit, cum dicitur, ite, venite.

In Engliſhe thus.

WHat ſo eache mortall man doth ſow:
Whyle he on earth doth bide and ſtay:
Suche he againe ſhall reape and mowe:
When it is ſayd, aproche, away.

Otherwiſe.

WHat ſo each ſowes whyle he,
in earth his race doth run:
Such ſhall his harueſt be,
when it is ſaid, go, come.

To an Epicure.

WHat profits pleaſure thee to day:
if all to morrow faile?
Ah wretched caitife, ah alas,
what doth one day auaile.

A letter written to T. w. gent. when he was ſcoller in Oxford.

PEnelope that pearleſſe peere
of whom you often reed:
Did neuer loue Vlyſſes ſo
as I do you indeed.
For why a thouſand thinges there are
which

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whiche you haue doon for mee:
That if I ſhould liue Neſtors yeres
could ſcant requited be.
But yet I truſt my chaunce may chaunge
the prouerbe old doth ſay:
The weake may ſtand the ſtrong in ſted:
a dog may haue a day.
Till tyme that fortune turne her wheell
till thinges do go aright:
Accept my Wilmer will in worth
till welth may debt requite.
On Saterday I will you ſend
ſome Leſſons for your Lute:
And for your Citterne eke a few:
take leaues till time of fruite.
And thus I end deſiring you
to let my letter ly
Lockt vp in coffer cloſe that none
the ſame but you may ſpie.
For like as ſcriblers loth to haue
good Scriueners vew their lynes
So practiſers miſlike to haue
good Poets read their rimes.
Farewell my frend, and ſee you ſend
a letter backe againe:
So ſhall I thinke I well did ſpend
my paper, pen, and payne.

P.v. Verſes

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Verſes written to his father when he was ſcholler in Æton.

Scripſit admodum puer.

What merrit parents, ſuche
as doe their chyldren ſet
To ſchoole, wherby they may
both welth and wildome get.
If ſuche deſerue (as ſure they doe)
Perpetuall prayſe and fame:
Then doutles you, O Father deer,
do merrit euen the ſame.

Of Loue.

Loue worketh woonders great,
ſtraunge thinges it bringes to paſſe:
It maketh of a prudent man
a very doltiſh aſſe.

Of Boner, and his brothers.

Foule Boner with his curſed crue,
that loued ſo the Pope:
Did diuers plague and puniſhe, with
the rodde, the racke, and rope.
But (God be thanked) now their force,
doeth faulter, fade, and faile:
Their rods are ſpent, their rackes are rent,
their ropes no more preuaile.

Of Pope Alexander. 6.

His

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HIs Chriſte, his keyes, and altars all,
doeth Alexander ſell:
Which he maie doe of right, and why?
before thei coſte hym well.

To one of a diuers and ſtraunge nature.

SOmetyme a lowryng looke thou hall,
ſometyme a laughyng face:
Now waſpiſhe, waiward: to doe ought
willyng an other ſpace.
Mournfull now, merrie anon:
now ſurly, ſullen, ſad,
Powtyng: pleaſaunt anone againe,
perte, iollie, iocunde, glad.
Thou bothe art like Democrit, and
Heraclitus beſide:
No man without thee can remaine,
nor with thee well abide.

Of the workes of Poets.

AS in a pleaſaunt groue,
or goodly garden grounde:
Among ſweete ſmellyng flowers,
ſome ſtinkyng weedes are founde.
Like ſo in Poets plottes,
bothe good and bad is ſowen:
Be warie therefore, chooſe the beſt,
and let the worſte alone.

How

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How to get the loue, bothe
of God and men.

WHo leaues, who loues, who liues, who lends:
who ſpares, who ſpies, who ſpeakes, who
Shall purchaſe to hymſelf the loue, (ſpends,
of men beneath, and God aboue.

Expoſition.

WHo leaues to lead a lothſome life:
Who loues the Lazor poore to feede,
Who liues in loue, and hateth ſtrife:
Who lends who lackes, and ſtands in neede.
Who ſpares to ſpende, and wareth wiſe,
Who ſpies the baite, and ſhūnes the hookes
Who ſpeakes the truthe, and hateth lies:
Who ſpends his tyme in ſacred bookes.
Hym God hymſelf in heauen aboue:
And men beneath ſhall like and loue.

A ſimilitude, of Idlenes.

AS water cleare and cleane corrupts,
and ſtinkes by ſtandyng ſtill:
So ſluggiſhe ſlothe doeth ſlaie the ſoule,
and eke the bodie ſpill.

What thyng he feareth moſte.

NO ſtabbyng glaue, nor ſtickyng knife,
Nor darte dread I, that reueth life.
No Fencers ſkill, no thruſtyng pricks,

No

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No thunderyng threates of deſpirat Dicks.
No chillyng cold, no ſcaldyng heate,
No graſhyng chaps of monſters greate.
No plague, no deadly vile deſeaſe,
No broilyng blaze, no ſwallowyng ſeas.
No gaulyng greefes, no cares that cruſhe,
Of theſe I reeke not of a Ruſhe.
An ill there is whiche doeth remaine,
That troubles more and putts to paine:
A fawnyng frende moſte miſchief is,
Whiche ſeekes to kill yet ſemes to kiſſe.

How the xij. ſignes doe gouerne and rule in mannes bodie.

The Ram is Rex, and rules,
aboue in hedde and face:
The necke and throate the Bull,
poſſeſſeth for his place.
In armes and ſhoulders bothe,
the Twinnes doe raigne and reſt:
The Crab is kyng, and keepes
the ſtomacke, lungs, and breaſt.
The Lion kyng of beaſts,
doeth bide in backe and harte:
The Virgin hath the gutts
and bellie for her parte.
In reines, and luſtie loynes,
the Ballaunce beareth ſwaie:

Among

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Among the ſecret partes,
the Scorpion ſtill doeth ſtaie.
The Archer hath the thighes,
and Capricorne the knees:
The leggs the Watermannes,
the feete the Fiſhes ſees.

Commendation and praiſe of Vertue.

BY riches none are happie made,
for riches ſlide awaie:
Though got with ſweate and labour greate,
at length yet thei decaie.
Faint faultryng fumblyng feble age
decreaſeth ſturdie ſtrength:
Healthe ſickneſſe quailes: and beautie braue
doeth flittyng fade at length.
Sweete ticklyng pleaſure tarries not,
nor maketh any ſtaie:
But in an howre, a little tyme,
doeth baniſhe quight awaie.
But Vertue faire adornes the mynde,
and perfect doeth remaine:
She ſtedfaſt bides, and neuer ſlides,
and naught maie Vertue ſtaine.
No tyme can Vertue faire deface,
ſhe after death endures:
And vs aboue the cluſtryng cloudes,
a place with God procures.

Vertue

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Vertue doeth make vs blessed, and
a happie ende doeth giue:
And when we rotten bones remaine,
yet Vertue makes vs liue.

The couetous carle, compared to a Mule.

THe churlishe chuffe, that hath enough
in Coffer lockt and laied:
And liueth harde, with Baken swarde,
a Mule maie well be saied.
Mules carrie coine, and iewelles ofte,
plate, golde, and riche arraie,
Greate treasure: yet they droylyng drudge,
and feede on homely haie.

To a frende.

LIue as a man, perūst in doyng well:
Endeuouryng aye, all others to excell.

Christe speaketh.

THe ayre, the yearth, the seas, the woods,
and all shall once awaie:
Alone my worde shall still remaine,
and (standyng stedfast) staie.

To hymself.

WHat likes thy mynde or fansie beste?
what doest thou moste desire?
Doest couet costly buildyngs braue?

or

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or riches doeſt require?
I force not theſe: what then wilt haue?
greate ſtore of lande to eare?
Kyngs pleaſures? or delightſt thou in
fine princely daintie cheare?
If theſe ſhould like me, I ſhould like,
with toyle and care to be:
For reſt and riches make no matche,
thei hardly doe agree.
As Irus I ſhould liue, though I
whole kyngdomes had in holde:
And Creſus though I did enioye,
thy heapes of hourded golde.
Bare, naked, came I hether, and
nakt ſhall I hence againe:
Why therefore ſhould I care for aught,
or put my ſelf to paine?
In ioye and mirthe Ile ſpende my tyme,
and naught ſhall me anoye:
Ile laugh to ſcorne, the mucke, the moulde,
whiche worldlyngs riche enioye.
What? careſt thou for nothyng then?
yes, this of God I craue:
That ſtill I maie a quiet mynde,
and healthfull bodie haue.

To one ſo giuen to goe braue.
That at laſt he left hymſelf like a ſlaue.

with

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WIth braue outlandiſhe ſtraunge araie,
you (luſty) long were clad:
And ſundrie ſutes of ſundrie ſortes,
for ſundrie tymes you had.
Sometime Frēche faſhions pleaſd you beſt:
ſometyme the Spaniſhe guiſe:
In coſtly colours cuttyng ſtill,
you went with ſtaryng eyes.
But now at laſt you royſte in rags,
rude, rogiſhe, rent and torne:
What faſhion this? or whoſe? declare
is this beyonde ſea worne?

To one that made his bragges that he was noſed like vnto kyng Cirus.

THou ſaieſt thou art hauknoſed right,
ſo as kyng Cirus was:
Saie to thou hall kyng Midas eares,
who earde was like an Aſſe.

Of money and lande.

THis ſiluer, coine, and money, what?
ruſte, though it glad:
Poſſeſſions, lande, and liuyng, what?
duſte, euen as bad.

Learnyng,

LEarnyng doeth all thyngs farre ſurpaſſe,
naught Learnyng maie excell:

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What profite comes to man thereby,
ne pen, ne tongue maie tell:
A spurre to youth, that pricketh forthe
faire Vertue to obtaine:
To crooked age a greate delight,
and solace sweete againe:
A rocke and refuge for the wretche,
and for the needie poore:
And to the riche and wealthie wight,
of substaunce greater store.

Of Tyme.

TYme bringeth lurking thinges to light,
tyme secrets doth bewray:
The privy pilferyng prigging theefe,
tyme doth in time betraie.

Of Dice.

THe cursed play of deuelish Dice,
The daughter vile of auarice:
The plague of loue and amitie:
The very nurse of theuerie:
The exercise of fury fell:
And last the pathway plaine to hell.

Of women, water, and wine.

WIne, wemen, water, each
doth hurte, and put to paine:
Wine, wemen, water, eache
doth helpe, and ease againe.

Of

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Of wemens lightnes.

What more then Fethers light,
drie leaues, and withered graſſe?
Yet theſe in lightnes wemen do
ſurmount and far ſurpaſſe.

Again of the ſame.

What thing is lighter then the flame?
bright lightnyng. what is thought
Then lightning lighter? wind. then wind?
wemen. then wemen? nought.

Of the miſery of man.

WE weping come into the woꝛld:
and weping hence we goe:
And all our life is nothyng elſe,
but griefe, payne, toyle, and woe.

To his vnkle: HENRY KENDALL.

My triflyng toyes you ioye to reade
and what my Muſe doth wꝛite:
My Muſe (deer vnkle) ioyes againe
of you foꝛ to indite.
If you mine onely pꝛop do flip,
my Muſe remaineth flow:
The ſiluer Swan doth ſeldom ſing
but *Zephir* milde doth blow.

Of the Poet Lucan.

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FDule moody Mars his bluſtryng broyles,
to ſee with cunnyng pend
Who longs, let hym his liſtning eare
to learned Lucan lend.
So well his worꝛkes, do martiall feates
and warlike deedes expꝛeſſe:
As noble Tullies bookes bewꝛay
the fruites of pleaſant peace.
As quiet peace is to be wiſht,
and Tully to be red:
So Lucan he that wꝛites of warre
ought not foꝛ to be fled.

Chriſt.

WHo dyes in Chriſt, doth liue: who liues
in Chriſt, from death is free:
Where Chriſt doth pꝛeſent ſtill appere
there death can neuer be.

Gold, not God, regarded now adayes.

THis age hunts all foꝛ hatefull coyne,
foꝛ pompe and gloꝛy vaine:
Addicted none to God, and Good,
but all to Gold, and Gaine.

Of hymſelf.

THe Bowe that bended ſtanderh ſtill,
his ſtrength will looſe and lack:
The luſty hoꝛſe is lamd, with to
muche burden on his back.

But

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But I, let fortune ſpit her ſpight,
and ſpurnyng ſtill diſdaine.
Will (God to frend) contented bide
and ſtedfaſt ſtill remayne.

Remedies againſt loue.

LOues rigorous rage, or abſtinence
or tamyng time reſtraines:
If theſe do mille, for remedie
alone a rope remaines.

To all men.

SHun man, ſhun (oh) ſoule ſtaiyng ſinne,
ſerue God vnto thy graue:
Foule filthy foolish faulty folke
the finds of hell ſhall haue.

Of Dearh.

THe regall kyng and crooked clowne
all one, alike, Death driueth downe.

Death ſpareth no kinde.

NO ſtate in earth we ſee,
but draweth to decay:
The Lyon made at laſt,
to ſmalleſt birds a pray.

Who riche, who poore.

RIch who? who cares for naught,
and is with ſmall content.

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Poore who? coyn caring carles
to pelf and paultry bent.

Labour killes loue.

IF that in toyle and takyng paine,
thy pleasure thou do put:
The fire doth die, fond fancies flie:
Cupidos combe is cut.

The more a man hath, the more
he desireth.

AS riches rise, mans nature is,
to grope and gape for more:
Yen couet most, when as their bags,
be cramd and stuft with store.

To Iesus Christe.

IF euer me thou loue,
I ioyfull am for aie:
If euer me thou leaue,
my soule doeth sorrowe staie.
If euer me thou loue,
thrise happie then am I:
If euer me thou leaue,
then (out alas) I dye.
If euer me thou loue,
abounde I doe in blisse:
If euer me thou leaue,
then all thyng doe I misse.

If

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If euer thou me loue,
who then as I ſo glad?
If euer me thou leaue,
then who as I ſo ſad?
If euer me thou loue,
thou euer makſt me liue:
If euer me thou leaue,
deathes dart thou doſt me giue.
If euer me thou loue,
who liues ſo glad as I?
If euer me thou leaue,
who dies ſo bad as I?
If euer me thou loue,
in heauē thou makſt me dwell:
If euer me thou leaue,
thou dryuſt me doune to hell.
Wherefore O louyng Lorde,
loue ſtill to make me liue:
So ſhall I neuer leaue,
thee laude and prayſe to giue.

Of Pope Iulius. 3.

WEll tipled at the table once
with drinke, when Iulius ſate:
(A man whom wicked Rome her ſelf,
did ſpight, abhorre, and hate.)
As it is ſaied three boles at once,
for hym were ready made:

M.iiii. That

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That he three burdens might at once,
in bellells three bnlade.
The first of all the bellells three,
he filde with vomit vile:
The next with pille, the other he,
with ordure did defile.
No man can doe twoo thyngs at once,
the prouerbe old doeth tell:
This was a pallyng Pope I trowe,
that could doe three so well.

To Zoilus.

BArke Zoilus till thy beallie breake:
Of railyng thyne I will not reake.

Of an Astrnomer, and
a Plowman.

A Kyng sometyme determined,
an huntyng for to ride:
Of diuers persones did demaunde,
what weather would betide.
A student in Astronomie,
(there standyng by) did tell
It would be faire, so that his grace,
might ride on huntyng well.
A Plowman poore vnto the Prince,
gan thus replie againe:
Beleue hym not sir, bide at home,
for sure I cham twull raine.

The

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The kyng did laugh apace, at last
all buſineſſe ſet aſide:
The kyng with troup, and all his traine,
doeth forthe on huntyng ride.
Not entred ſcant the wood, but ſtraite
vppon the trees did daſhe
A powryng ſhower that paied them all,
and well the kyng did waſhe.
The prince the Plowman praiſde: and ſaid
looke thou where Starres do ſtand
Poore Plowman: and prowd Strologer,
take thou a whip in hand.
The like Aſtronomers to this
we haue in Englande here:
More fitter for to till, then tell,
except thei wiſer were.

To Zoilus.

Who hath beſtowd vppon thy browe,
a garlande braue of Baie?
Suche as can clime Parnaſſus mount,
thoſe leaues ſhould decke alwaie.
To ſcoffers Zoilus ſuche as thou,
and ſuche as ſyng with tong:
To ſtingers ſuche a ſtingyng crowne,
of Nettelles doeth belong.

Of Zenabon.

While Zenabon vnhappie man,
did Venus pleaſures proue:

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His members vile were whipt awaie,
by her whom he did loue.

Anacharſis the Philoſophers
ſaying.

LIke as ẏ webs which ſpiders ſpin ye ſee,
By ſubtile ſlight doe tangle, take, & tye,
The feble ſmall and ſeely ſhiftes bee,
And let the bigger breake away, and flie.
Like ſo the lawes the lower, mean, & poore,
Do plague, and puniſh ſore, & make to pay:
The noble man, or riche enioying more
With ſmall ado quight ſcotfree ſcape away.

Otherwiſe, aud ſhorter.

AS Cobwebs catch the leſſer flies,
and let the greater go:
So thoſe of power, and not the poore
the Lawes doe fauour ſhowe.

Precepts written to HENRY
KNEVET gent.

H Hurt not thy ſo, help ſtill thy frend:
E Endure like DAMON to the end.
N Neglect not vertue: vice eſchew:
R Reward the good with guerdon due.
I In peace delight: foule diſcorde flie:
E Eate ſo to liue, liue ſo to dye.

K Know

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K Know thou thy ſelf: ſoule ſlaying ſinne,
N Nip in the head, ere it begin.
E Endeuour not to clime to hye:
V Vſe not the needy to denye.
E Exalt the hieſt with praiſes oft:
T That thou mayſt mount the ſkies aloft.

Preceptes written in his frend RICHARD WOODWARDS praier booke, ſomtime his companion in OXFORD.

R Refrain from ſinne,
I In vertue grow:
C Care for thy frend,
H Hate not thy foe:
A Abandon vice,
R Regard the wiſe:
D Delight in loue,
E Enuy diſpiſe.

W Wyn wealth againſt
O Olde age in youth:
O Order thy tongue,
D Declare the trueth.
w Ware pride, twill haue
A Alwaies a fall:
R Remember death
D Diſpatcheth all.

Of

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Of fower Beaſtes and the Spider.

The Boare in hearing vs doth paſſe,
the Ape in taſt, the Linx in ſight:
In ſmell the Gripe, in ſealing quick
the Spider goes beyond vs quight.

Ite, Venite.

GO, ah a griping woord will be,
but Come, a golden glad:
Come ſhall be ſayd toth bleſſed good,
Go to the curſſed bad.

Of the vanity of this world,

WHat profits pompe and glory of
the world ſo wicked vaine?
Sith after death we crumbling duſt
and rotten bones remayne.

To Zoilus.

The Fem, the Floud, the Flame
three miſcheſes Zoilus be:
But Zoile thy tongue a miſcheſe woorſe
then theſe repeated three.

Of hym that marryes twiſe.

HIs firſt wife dead, and laid in graue,
who doth a ſecond ſeeke:
Unto a momiſhe mariner,
and ſhipman he is leeke.

Who

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Who hauyng broke his bark and ſcapt,
with perrill great and paine:
The ſurgyng ſwallowyng ſwellyng ſeas
aſſayes and tries againe.

Of a wife.

TO comberſome a clog
a wife is vnto man:
She neuer doth hym good,
nor profites him, but whan
She dyes, and leaues to tread
this toyſome worldly path:
And leueth in her ſted
the golde ſhe hoorded hath.

The ſame and ſhorter.

A Husband of his wife
hath neuer profit, ſaue
When ſhe doth leaue her goods behind
and goes her ſelfe toth graue.

Bewtie and Vertue ſeldom coupled.

WHere amerous bewtie braue doth bide
doth vertue ſeld abound:
The canker couchyng commonly
in faireſt roſe is found.

How the Papiſt praies.

THe Papiſt praies with mouth, his minde
on gatheryng woolle doeth goe:

Like

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Like to a ſabberyng Ape, whiche doeth
naught elſ but mumpe and mowe.

Who takes the paines,
the profite gaines.

WHo crackes the Nut, the kernell findes,
the taſte the ſweete that ſweate:
The laſie Lurden liues in lacke,
and nothyng hath to eate.

Who poore.

THe wight that liues in want, is not
to be accounted pooꝛe:
But he that ſwimmes in plentie riche,
and yet deſireth moꝛe.

To one that married a foule
wife for riches.

THy wife is foule, deformed, blacke:
but ſtoꝛde with coine is ſhe:
Thou marrieꝺſt foꝛ thy hands to feele,
not foꝛ thyne eyes to ſee.

Of Wine.

WIne makes men ſad, and febles foꝛce,
wine maketh ſtrong and glad:
If to muche taken be thereof,
if that a meane be had.

Of Phiſitions.

Three

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THree faces the Phiſition hath:
first as an Angell he,
When he is ſaught: next when he helpes,
a God he ſemes to be.
And laſt of all when he hath made,
the ſicke deſeaſed well
And aſkes his guerdon, then he ſemes
an ougly Fiend of hell.

To an vnſkilfull Phiſition.

AChilles ẃ a ſwoꝛd did ſlaie his foes. (wes
Thou killeſt ẃ a hearbe on ground ẏ gro=
Thee woꝛthier then Achilles I ſuppoſe.

Of a Fiſhe, a Swallowe, and an Hare,
ſhot through at one ſhoote.
an vncertayne Author.

AN Hare to ſhunne the gredie Grewnde,
that did hym feꝛce purſue:
Lepte in a riuer, thinkyng ſo,
to bid the Dog adue.
An Archer by beholdyng this,
with Bow there ready bent:
(In hope to hit hym as he ſwam)
an Arrowe at hym ſent.
By hap a Swallowe ſkirde betwene,
withall vp lept a Roche:
And ſo the Hare, the birde, the fiſhe,
his ſhafte at once did bꝛoche.

To

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To the Rechleſſe route.

NO longer linger, leaue delaie:
tyme ſwifte awaie doeth runne:
Repent betyme, no man knowes when,
the latter daie ſhall come.

Of Wiuyng.

AMarryng for to marrie, ſtill
thus all men all doe ſaie:
Thus ſaie thei ſtill, yet wittyngly,
men marrie euery daie.

Tyme doeth all.

THe huge greate Oke was once a plant,
a whelpe the Lion fell:
And famous learned Cicero,
once learnde his woꝛds to ſpell.

Be aduiſed ere thou ſpeake.

THe wooꝛde that once hath paſt thy lips,
can not be calld agen:
Aduiſde be thereſoꝛe how thou ſpeakſt,
to whom, what, where, and when.

To one furious and full
of Pride.

IF Seneca of auncient tyme,
oꝛ Terence had thee ſeen:
Thou wouldſt haue Senecs Aiax feirce,
and Terence Thraſo been.

To

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To Henry Kneuet gent.

I Knowe not where the Poets laine,
the Muſes for to bee:
But this I knowe my Kneuet ſure,
they tarrie ſtill with thee.

Idem eſt pauperibus, diuiti-
buſque Deus.

The beggars, and the biggers birth,
and ende all one for aye:
As deare to God the ſelie Swaine,
as he that beareth Swaie.

To Markes a marker of faultes.

MArkes, marke what I ſhall ſaie to thee,
the truthe I tell thee plaine:
If Markes thou marke me any more,
I ſhall thee marke againe.

To the Pope.

Thy harte is on thy halfpenie,
horſe, harlotts, haukes and hounds:
No reckning of Religion made,
where vice ſo muche abounds.

To a ſweete mouthed minion.

EChe curious cate, eche coſtly diſhe,
your daintie tooth muſt taſte:
Ne lickes, ne likes, your lippes the meate,

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where pleaſure none is plaſte.
Fine venyon fatte muſt be your foode,
Larke, Partridge, Plouer, Quaile:
A likeriſhe lip, a likeriſhe lap,
as tongue is, ſo is taile.

A verſe wherein the numerall letters ſhewe the yere of the Lorde, when the Queene began her raigne ouer this Realme.

THe pope, eke aL hIs paVLtrIe traſhe
VVas banIſht qVIght anD CLeen:
VVhen nobLe faIre ELIzabeth
VVas CroVnD fIrſt engLIſhe qVeen.
Nouembris. 17.

A Rime againſt ROME.

ROme couetous foꝛ coine doeth call:
She empties coffer, pouche and all.
If thou doe let thy purſe alone,
From Pope and patriarkes thence be gone.
But if with pence thou plie them ſtill,
And if their cheſts with coine thou fill,
Abſolue thei will and pardon thee,
How faultie ſoule ſo ere thou bee.
Ho, God be here: whoſe there?
a maide.
What comſt thou foꝛ? to craue
your aide.

Haſt

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Haſt coine? naie crolleſſe cleane:
then kepe thee there:
I haue: how muche? enough:
then come thou nere.

To one named Loue.

I Loue the Loue, my loue:
loue me my loue therefore:
And when I leaue to loue my loue,
then let me liue no more.

To a common Bragger.

THou ſturdie calſt thy ſelf: but thou
canſt better farte, then fight:
Put S awaie, and what thou art,
thou then declareſt right.

A prettie ſimilitude.

LIke as the beggar hides his ſkinne,
where it is faire and white:
And will not open any place,
that whole maie ſeem to fight.
But contrary his lothſome ſoares,
he ſhewes for men to bewe:
His bloudie cloutes, and rotten raggs,
that all might on hym rewe.
So ne ſhould we of our good deedes,
or bragge or boaſte at all
Before the Lorde, but ſhewe our ſynnes,

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and ſo for mercie call.

Of a certayne Ruffian.

A Smithfield Ruffian in a fray
as feircely he did fight:
Was of the hand that held his ſword,
by ſworde diſpatched quight.
Whiche whipt away (in ſuche a ſorte)
as ſone as he did ſee:
Flingyng his dagger at his fo,
nay then take all ſayd he.

Of a certayne Ciuilian.

Thou calſt thy ſelfe Ciuilian,
thou art not full ſo muche:
If Ci. be out, as then remaines
in deede thy name is ſuche.

Of a Lawyer.

Thou ſaiſt thou art a Lawyer:
the letters two next L
Put out: and then the reſt declares
thy name and nature well.

To one that ſayd he was a
Lawyer almoſt.

Thou ſaiſt thou art a Lawier
almoſt: thou doſt not ieſt:
Put letters two next L. away
and then thou art the reſt.

Aagaine,

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Agayne, of a Lawyer.

THou ſaiſt that for Lawier,
then thee none may be better:
Nor none ſo good (ſay I) put out
the third and ſecond letter.

Ridyng by the way with a gentleman, and beyng Demaunded by hym, the difference betwene their horſes, he thus anſwered *extempore.*

THe difference doſt thou aſke
betwene thy horſe and myne?
What difference twixt a ſoltyng Jade
and Palfray amblyng fine.

Wrytten to a frend, in hys extreme ſickneſſe.

MY Titus if thou haſt thy health,
then ſhall I greatly Joy:
As for my ſelfe, I am in health,
if health be ſicke anoye.
I pine (God helpe) in feuer faine:
a wretche of wretches I:
Farewell, vnleſſe the higheſt helpe
my dayes are done, I dye.

An Epitaph vppon the death of M. Ihon Bradford.

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NO Scholler ought or muſt,
aboue his maſter be:
Who ſo doth ſerue, and honour God,
great troubles ſuffers he.
Eache ſonne the Lord doth loue,
he beates and ſcourgeth ay:
Vnpleaſant, hard, and ſtrait the path
to heauen that leades the way.
Theſe ſaiynges, bleſſed Bradford, whyle
thou didſt reuolue in minde:
The thundryng threates of wicked wights,
their cruelties vnkind,
Their flatteries fair, their force, their fraud,
thou nothing didſt ſet by:
But didſt yeld vp with willyng hart
thy Corps in fier to frie.

A prancke of Pope Iulius 3. about a Peacocke.

A Certaine Pope that Iulius hight,
at dinner on a time,
Vppon his table placed had,
a daintie Peacocke fine.
Which though it were a daintie diſhe,
he could not tutche as then:
Wherefore, go take this ſame away,
he ſaid vnto his men,
And keepe it cold till ſupper tyme.

and

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and see in Garden fair
I suppe at night, for vnto mee
as then will guests repair.
When Supper tyme approched was,
among his sumptuous meat
And Peacockes whot, his Peacocke cold
he saw not there to eate.
Wherefore he gan to lowre, and powt,
to sweat, to swell, to sweare:
Such thundring threatnings throwing out
that all amazed were.
A Cardnall by beholdyng this,
entreatyng hym gan say:
O holy father be content,
and this your anger stay.
Indeede your waiters worthy are,
for to be chid and shent:
But sith it was against their willes,
let passe and be content.
Then Iulius Pope with somyng mouth
and flashing firie eyes:
In angry mood, as he were mad,
gan answere in this wise.
If God for apple onely one,
so angrie were quoth he:
That he expeld from Paradice,
our Parents, he, and she.
Why may not I his Vicar here,

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be mobd to anger then
For this lame bird: better this bird
then apples ten and ten.
Although this Pope with Peacockes fleshe
lovd still to cram his craw:
Yet for a Peacock thus to rage,
he showd hymself a daw.

To a certayne frend.

SOmtimes in London thou dost liue:
somtimes in Cuntrey soyle:
In Cambridge now and then: sometymes
in Courte thou keepst a coile.
Leaue rangyng thus: ceasse thus thy self
still to and fro to tosse:
The restlesse stone, that rowleth still,
doeth seldome gather mosse.

Written vnder the picture of
M. Thomas Becon.

LOe reader here, his portrature,
as liuely as maie bee:
What Painters pen and paine might doe,
(good reader) thou doest see.
The bowments of his myndе deuine,
whiche pen might not displaie
Nor Painter paint, hym self doeth by
his learned woorkes bewraie.

Of

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Of the picture of Thomas Cranmer, ſometyme worthie Archbiſhop of Canterburie.

LEarned thou waſt, and godlie bothe,
whyle Cranmer thou didſt liue:
A happie and a happieſſe life,
vnto thee God did giue.

Of his owne picture.

MY front well framd the Painter hath,
whyche he beheldē with eye:
My harte is knowne, to God alone,
whyche holdes the heauens on hye.

Againe.

MY browe the Painter hath expreſt:
God knowes the ſecrets of my breſt.

Of fower liuyng creatures, that liue by the fower Elementes.

THe beaſt Camilion liues by ayre,
the Herryng doeth deſier
In waues to liue, the Mole in mould,
the Spotted beaſt in fire. Salamāder.

Of Papiſtes.

IF murdryng monſters mount the ſkie:
Then Papiſts thither packe perdie.

A ſaiyng of S. Ciprian.

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Thei whiche doe loue them ſelues to paint,
with coulers ſtraunge and gaie:
Thei haue to feare that God nill knowe,
them at the latter daie.

An other ſaiyng of S. Cyprian.

The leude whiche loue to paint their locks
with red and yellowe fine:
Thei doe prognoſticate, but how
their heads in hell ſhall ſhine.

Xij. abuſes in the life of man, colle-
cted out of S. Cyprian.

1 Without good woorkes a prudēt wight,
2 A fire without Religion quight.
3 A youth without obedience:
4 A wealthie wight that giues no pence.
5 A woman that is ſhameleſſe ſtout:
6 A guide that vertue is without.
7 A Chriſtian man contentious:
8 A poore man proude and ſumptuous.
9 A kyng that ruleth not by right:
01 A biſhop negligent and light.
11 Folke without diſcipline and awe:
12 Subiects that liue, and haue no lawe.

A ſaiyng of S. Auſtin.

Is naught on women but to looke,
tis woorſe with them to chat:

But

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But wemen for to touche, perdie
naught maie be worſe then that.

An olde ſaiyng.

AN Hunters breakfaſt cheefeſt is,
a Lawiers dinner beſt:
Mõkes drinkyngs, Marchants ſuppers fine
ſurmount and paſſe the reſt.

Of Lacon.

WHy Lacon didſt thou chooſe thy wife,
(quoth one) ſo feate and ſmall?
To chooſe the leſt, I holde it beſt,
(quoth he) of euells all.

Thinkyng on the latter daie.

IF euery man and woman would,
thinke on the latter daie:
Then men would mende, and women would,
the wantons ceaſſe to plaie.

Pleaſe, Praiſe, and Praie.

BE ſure not long the worlde will laſte,
Pleaſe, Praiſe, and Praie therefore:
Praie to the Lorde, hym praiſe and pleaſe,
and care thou for no more.

Fiue thynges white.

FOwer thynges are wondrous white, & fifte
ſhines more then all the reſt:
Snowe,

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Snowe, ſiluer, Ceruſe, hoarie heares,
a chaſte vnſpotted breſt.

Three thynges deteſtable.

THree thyngs are deteſtable, vile:
a beggar proude and lye:
An old man leude and lecherous:
a riche man that doeth lye.

Three things not to be lente.

THree thinges a man not lendeth rife:
his horſe, his fighting ſword, his wife.

Three things ſhould not be forgotten.

THree thinges ſhould be remembered,
and printed ſtill in breaſt.
Good turnes receyvd, good precepts pure,
and thoſe that are deceaſt.

Of Mark miſerable, that hanged hymſelfe.

MArk miſer yeſterday I hard,
the hanging craft would trie:
And vnder three pence (caitif wretche)
no Halter could he buy.
I buy no Ropes ſo dear (quoth he)
the price amazd the elfe,
For twoo pence halfpeny he agrees
at laſt, and hangs hymſelf.

Of

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Of ſaiyng grace.

WHo ſittyng downe doth take his meales,
And thankes not God in gratefull wiſe:
Goes as a bꝛutiſhe Oxe to booꝛd,
And rudely like an Aſſe doth riſe.

The Beſt are hated of the Bad.

THe ougſum owle Ioues bird doth hate,
the lothſum Ape doth ſpite
The Lion king, the carren Crow
the Swan fair, ſiluer white.

To the carpyng Corrector.

WIth kitiſh eyes thou canſt decerne,
the ſcapes of other men:
But when thou ſhouldſt coꝛrect thine owne,
as blind as Bubo then.

A ſtaffe.

A Seemely thing in hand I am,
old age vphold I right.
I rule the ſteppes, I fear the dog,
I eaſe the wery wight.

The ſaiyng of BIAS.

BEhold thy ſelfe in Glaſſe,
and if ſo faire thou be:
Then doe thou fair and honeſt thinges
as beſt beſeemeth thee.
But if deformed, fowle,

and

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and lothely thou appeare:
Requite that foule deformitie,
by manners fair and cleer.

To a frende.

When fishes shun the siluer streames:
When darknes yeldes bright Titans beames,
When as the bird that Phœnix hight,
Shall haue ten thousand mates in sight.
When Ioue in Limbo low shall lye,
And Pluto shall be plast on hye:
Then I will thee forsake my deere,
And not before, as shall appeare.

The torment of Turnecotes.

IN readyng once a certaine booke
cald Pasquin in a traunce:
To finde the turnecotes torment there,
by turnyng twas my chaunce.
Suche as will ne hold with the hare,
nor yet run with the hound:
Suche as like wauering whethercocks,
with euery blast turne rounde.
Suche as with nether, hic, nor hæc,
doe loue to be declinde:
But still with hoc, like neuters nought,
that turne with euery winde.
These faines he to be fast with corde,
betwene two pillers bound:

About

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About the nidds, ſo that they hang,
and can not tutche the ground.
Uppon their heads a pair of Harts
huge hornes are ſurely fixt:
Hauyng a ſaile of linnen cloth
their hidious hornes betwixt.
And at their heeles there hangs a bag,
with coyne and mony ſtuft:
So turne theſe turnecotes whirlyng round
with euery little puft.
For as the winde doth riſe and blowe,
and ſtrike the ſtrempyng ſayle:
Their heeles are heavd on hie to heauen,
then eache turnes vp his taile.
And as the wind doth ceaſſe to blowe,
and quiet doth remaine:
Then doth the ponderous poundſtone purſe
bring doune their feete againe.
So are theſe wretches whirld about,
and now their heads on hye:
And ſtraight their heeles are heued vp
vnto the loftie ſkye.

Tranſlated out of Theocritus.

CVpido Venus dearlyng deſte,
to ſweete his lipps with mell
Sore longyng, came vnto an Hiue,
where Bees did shroude and dwell.

And

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And mindyng now with Honie sweete,
to fill his bellie full
He thrusts his hande into the Hiue,
and fast beginnes to cull.
The Bees beklrre them, by and by,
and prickt hym with their stynges:
Deft Cupid dolefull doeth depart,
and takes hym to his wings.
He stamps, he stares, he taketh on:
he knowes not what to doe:
At last with tingiyng stynged hande,
he comes his mother to.
And thus beginns to make his mone:
ah mother, mother myne:
The Bee moste vile and pestilent,
hath kilde Cupido thyne.
Ah, out alas, what shall I doe?
I neuer would haue thought
The selie simple shiftlesse Bee,
could haue suche mischief wrought.
Quoth Venus smilyng: what? alas,
and doeth it greeue you so?
Content your self, you are but small,
yet how you strike you knowe.

Preceptes written to his Cosen
Paul Tooley.

P Pure

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P Pure toward thy frende perſeuer ſtill:
A Auoide all anger that is ill.
V Upon the poore thyne almes beſtowe:
L Leaue vice, in vertue loue to growe.

T Talke little, heare muche: tell truth:
O Obeye thy better: bridle youth.
O Obtaine the loue of greate and ſmall:
L Look on the Scriptures, ponder Paul.
E Earne, learne to liue, with life and lim:
Y Yelde praiſe to God, and praie to hym.

To all tender Youthes and young ſchollers.

If learnyng you neglecte, in age
you will crie, ah alas,
Why did I not to ſtudie ſticke,
in childhoode while I was.

A young ſchollers Poeſie.

Leaue plaie, and loue learnyng:
For feare of ſtripes earnyng.

Verſes written at the requeſt of his Coſen MARY PALMER, in her praier booke called THE POMANDER OF PRAIER.

Make muche of modeſtie: be alwaies meke:
Abandon vice: for golden vertue ſeeke.

S Regard

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Regard the good: the ill let nothyng by:
Yn mynde remember ſtill that thou muſt die.

Pleaſe parents thyne: perſiſt in doyng well:
Aye ſtriue to ſtaine the reſt: and to excell.
Liue, learne, & loue: & alwaies know thy ſelf:
Muſe al on heauē: paſſe ſmal on woꝛldly pelf.
Endeuour at the narrow gate, to enter in:
Rule ſo thy ſelf immoꝛtall fame to win.

To one that called hym Spendall.

THou ſpendall doeſt me call: I graunt
muche coine I ſpende perdie:
But thou doeſt ſpende thy ſelf on whoꝛes,
thou ſpendeſt moꝛe then I.

To a Niggard that called hym vnthrift.

THou ſaieſt I ſpend all, ſpend all ſtill:
and nothyng vſe to purſe:
Thou purſeſt all, and ſpendeſt naught:
I ill doe: thou doeſt woꝛſe.

To a certaine frende.

THou ſpendall doeſt me call:
thou calſt me rendall to:
I ſpende, rende, nothyng mende thou ſaieſt,
yes ſure, I mende my ſhoo.

The

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The nature of the Hernſhew.

THe Hearnſhew though ſhe haũt ẏ̀ brookes,
and riuers eke that runne:
Yet rayne and tempeſt ſhe abhorres,
and ſeekes the ſame to ſhunne
By ſoryng vp and mounting hie:
ſhe ſhrowdyng ſtill doth reſt
A loft in tops of talleſt trees,
and there doth make her neſt.
She ſhuns her foe the Goſhawke great,
and Hawkes of other kinde:
Her hates and plagues the Hauk again,
when that he can her finde.
When as the Hawk and Hernſhew fight,
and ſtriue aloft in ſkie:
For this one thing, with might of wing,
both ſtriue eſpecially
Who may aboue the other get:
if Hawke haue higheſt place
With earneſt flight he conquers quight,
the Hernſhew in ſhort ſpace.
But if the Hernſhew higheſt get,
ſhe ſquirtyng downe doth caſt
Her dirt and dunge, the Hawke vppon,
and ſpoiles hym ſo at laſt.

Fower properties of the dog.

FOwer propertyes praiſeworthy ſure,
are in the dog to note:

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He keepes the houſe, he feares the theſe
by barking with his throte.
He playes well the Phiſition,
with lickyng tongue he cures:
Unto his maſter ſtill he ſtickes,
and faithfull faſt endures.

Of Boner.

OF Biſhops al, the beſt ſome did thee call:
Indeed thou waſt the beaſt of biſhops all.

To a naughty Lawier.

WOuldſt haue mee tell what law thou haſt?
thou haſt as muche as need:
An old ſaid ſaw, need hath no law.
no more haſt thou indeed.

Tranſlated out of an Italian writer.

LYcoris in her boſome beares,
two Apples faire that ſhine:
Againe two Strawberries ſhe beares,
in boſom hers deuine.
Her bourly breaſtes two apples be,
her nipples be two berries:
Her apples ſhine as white as ſnowe,
Her nipples red as cherries.
Loue came and ſuckt her tender breſts
and ſaid, now milke farewell:

My

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My mothers breſts with milke do ſtrowt,
but theſe with Nectar ſwell.

ÆNIGMATA.

Nix.

More white I am then plume of Swan:
Daughter of Winter colde I am:
Leſſe harde then Ice congeaid am I:
Yet not leſſe colde then Ice perdie.
Thinner then Muſhrome that doeth growe:
To water thin heate makes me goe.
The letter firſt take from my name,
And nine in number thou doeſt frame.
If this woorde COR thou ad to me:
The blackeſt birde I am to ſee.

A Cherrie.

A Red ſkin glitteryng me doeth hide,
I doe with ioyce abounde:
In ſteade of harte I holde a ſtone,
wherein is kernell founde.

Paries.

WIth Lime together linkt am I,
ſtrong made with ſtone am I:
I ſhield from ſhatteryng ſhowers the houſe,
the houſe I fortifie.
Take E awaie, and I ſhall be
of Ida Shepherd then:

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The Judge betwene the goddeſſes
the wracke of Troye agen,
And eke moſte filthie Leacher vile,
if P thou take awaie:
With hornes I puſhe: walles doune I ruſhe:
the heauens I garniſhe gaie.

The Snaile.

BOneleſſe and footleſſe quight am I,
and quight deuoide of heare:
I haue no eyes to ſee withall,
but what my hornes doe beare.
Where ſo I goe, or where I touche,
I leaue a filthie ſlime:
Salte ſtretyng, doeth me ſore annoye:
the talleſt tower I clime.

A Tennice ball.

WIthout, without here ſmothe I am,
yet full of heare within:
Rounde like a Boule: though feete I want,
to runne I doe not lin.
Although fine feathers light I lacke,
yet mounte I doe alofte:
And looke when I am ſtriken, then
my ſtrength repaire I ofte.

Veſpertilio.

OF Euenyng darke my name I take:
my winges are made of ſkinne:

As

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As other birdes I am not clothde
with feathers light and thinne.
I onely lyng forthe yonge: alone
my duggs with milke doe swell:
All other birdes want teeth, with teeth
but I am fenced well.

The Combe.

A Rounde with teeth on euery side,
I framed am of boxe:
Let baldepate me forbeare to vse:
I parte the kangled locks.

Castanea.

In forrest faire I growe:
eight letters spells my name:
Take three the laste awaie, and so
thou shant shalt finde a dame.

Of fower birdes, signifiyng the fower quarters of the yere.

The Chaffinch showes whē winter comes,
whiche lynges in Winter colde:
When chittering Swallowe doth returne,
then Spryng is come be bolde.
The Cuckoo chauntes in Sommer tyme,
when all thinges glister greene:
The birde that hights Ficedula,
in Autumne still is seen.

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To the Reader.

TAke in good parte theſe triflyng toyes,
good Reader whyche I wryte:
When as I was a boye with boyes,
theſe toyes I did indite.
Tuſhe, tuſhe, thei fooliſhe are thou ſaieſt:
I graunt, thei are in deede:
But where are thy wiſe wondrous worꝛkes,
now where are thei to reede?

To his Coſen IHON KENDALL.

MY Kendall coſen deare and frende,
all thyngs kend of thee bee:
Of thee the Scriptures all are kend.
is not all kend of thee?
He whyche knowes all, & knowes not Chriſt
naught knowes he: this is plaine:
Ken all of Chriſt, whyche is the hieſt,
and count the reſt as vaine.

To his dere brother IHON SHEPPARD
gent. of Grayes Inne.

MY brother deere, my hope, my chere,
my truſty Sheppard true:
The ſureſt Sheppard I can finde
among the Sheppards true.
By name thou art a Sheppard ſure
a Sheppard eak in deed:
A happy Sheppard I thee finde

to

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to mee in all my neede.
So long as thou my Sheppard art,
in lacke I can not liue:
To pasture greene, by pleasant brokes,
thou daily dost mee driue.
Thou plaist the part of pastor pure,
thou keepst me in the way:
Thou wilt not let mee wander wilde
in wildernes astray.
Thou wilt not let me set my foote,
in Popishe path to tred:
Thou dost abhorre as Plutos Pit
his mitred monskers hed.
Perlist good brother in the race,
thou hast begun to runne:
Serue God so as thou daily dost,
the snares of Sathan shunne.
Fight like a valiant Sheppard stout,
against the Woulfe of hell:
Feede like a Pastor pure the poore,
so as thou hast done well.
So shall the Lord be Sheppard thine,
and pay thee double twise:
And bryng thee to the pasture pure,
of princely paradice.

An Epitaphe vppon the death of the right wise and worthy Matron the Lady

ALSE AVENON.

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If that a modeſt Matrones mille,
ſhould moned be with cryes:
Then ſhreek and cry for her alone,
that here engraued lyes.
If for to wayle the want and loſſe,
of ſuche a Matrone rare
It be a fault, for her alone
your cryes and ſhreeches ſpare.

An EPITAPHE vppon the death of his deere Mother, ALSE KENDALL. Which died and lieth buried at Northaſton.

LO here ſhe lyes, whoſe honeſt life
perpetuall praiſe deſerud:
Lo here ſhe lyes, whoſe life well led
from vertue neuer ſwerude.
Lo here ſhe lyes, whiche liud in loue
ſtill with her linked feer:
Lo here ſhe lyes, whiche while ſhe liud
ſtill held her childzen deer.
Lo here ſhe lyes, whiche loud her frend,
and hated not her fo.
Lo here ſhe lyes, that was beloud
of all forres, hye and low.
Lo here ſhe lyes, that alwaies loud
her neighbour as her ſelfe:
Lo here ſhe lyes, that more eſteemd

of

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of heauen, then worldly pelfe.
Lo here she lyes, whiche hated lies,
and lovd to tell thee troth:
Lo here she lyes, whiche gaue the poore,
both mony, meat, and cloth.
For fine, in few wilt haue declarde
of euery man the mind?
Here lyes ALICE KENDALL worthy wife,
the flower of woman kind.
Here lyes her bones, hard crusht with stones
in life lame were her limbs:
Now dead, her soule in siluer stremes
of Sollace sweetly swimmes.

¶ An Epitaphe vpon the death of his deare father, William Kendall: which died (beyng cut of the stone) and lyes buried at Northaston in Oxford shire.

HEre lies he dead, with stones oppreſt,
whom stones oppreſt in life:
Aye me that he was forste to dye,
by dint of deadly knife.
Wo worthe the wretche that ript his flesh:
yet wretche why saie I so?
Sith needs he would suche torments trie,
to ende his paine and woe.
The life he lidde, was sure no life,
but euen a death in life:

And

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And therefore pluckyng pangs he proude,
of cutters caruyng knife.
He thought by pluckyng pinchyng pangs,
to ende his pinyng paines:
He thought to rid the ragged stone,
that tide hym so in chaines.
But (out alas) he ridde his life,
(oh grilly grippyng greef)
He was dispatched of his life,
and I of my releef.
Ah farewell father myne moste deare,
in earth we parte with paine:
Northaston wants thee, wailes and wepes,
wishyng for thee againe.
We want and wishe: we waile and weepe:
we mourne (alas) and misse:
Thou ne doest mourne, nor missest ought,
now plaste in heauenly blisse.
My losse I doe lament: and yet
I ioye for gaine of thine:
I loste a father, thou hast gainde
perpetuall ioyes deuine.

An Epitaph vpon the death of his deare aunt ELLEN KENDALL: which died, and lyes buried at BLOXAM.

HEre Ellen lies lapt vp in earth:
whiche alwaies liude to dye,

And

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And died to liue, to liue againe
in lasting ioyes on hye.
Aye me when (wretche) I first gan liue,
then gan she life to leaue:
I thought to reape greate ioye by her,
but she did me deceaue.
She more esteemde of heauen then earth
and therefore God did giue
Heauen vnto her: she hopte for heauen,
now she in heauen doeth liue.
Ah farewell Aunte, thou gauste me life:
I sukte thy tender breste:
Thou diddest rocke me, when a babe
in cradle I did reste.
And haue I lost thee now so sone?
no force: greate is thy gaine:
In heauen we shall with pleasure meete,
though here we parte with paine.
Still didst thou liue the Lorde to loue,
and thou didst loue to liue
Still with the Lorde: and now the Lorde
vnto thee life doeth giue.
Lo, LIVE AND LOVE: this lesson learne,
you that in earth remaine:
That when you leaue to liue, you maie
obtaine to liue againe.

THRE-

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¶ A ſorrowfull Sonet vpon the death of Walter, late Erle of Eſſex.

THe Primroſe cheef of princely peeres,
the Starre of Englande bright:
The Prince of perfect pietie,
the Diamonde of delight.
O dogged Death by direfull darte,
from Englande thou haſt refte:
Our collace thou haſt tane awaie,
and vs in ſorrowe lefte.
We lothe to liue, and yet we loue
to liue, alone for this:
That we maie waile this worthies want,
whom we ſo ſore doe miſſe.
Ah farewell Erle moſte excellent,
for thee doeth Englande weepe:
The Prince, the peeres, the people ſheke,
in Death to ſee thee ſleepe.
Thy corps is clapt in cloddes of claie,
thy ſoule is ſoard on hye:
With ſainctes aboue the clufteryng cloudes
to pearche perpetually.

Poſt cineres, virtus viuere ſola facit.

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¶ *Imprinted at* LONDON *in Paules Churche yarde, at the Signe of the Braſen Serpent by*
Ihon Shepperd.
Anno. 1577.

MARTIALIS.
Dulcia defecta modulatur carmina lingua
Cantator Cygnus funeris ipſe ſui.

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Spenser Society.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

For the First Year 1867-8.

Issue

1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III.* (*Completing the volume.*)
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

For the Third Year 1869-70.

6. The ΈΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (*circa*) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Fourth Year 1870-1.

8. A Handefull of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, and divers others. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.
9. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part I.*
10. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither. *Part. II.*

For the Fifth Year 1871–2.

11. Juvenilia: Poems by George Wither, contained in the collections of his *Juvenilia* which appeared in 1626 and 1633. *Part III.*
12. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*

For the Sixth Year 1872–3.

13. Miscellaneous Works of George Wither. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*
14. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *Second Collection.*

For the Seventh Year 1873–4.

15. Flovvers of Epigrammes, ovt of sundrie authours selected, as well auncient as late writers. By Timothe Kendall. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1577.

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